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Racing Tips

(By "THE TURF")

1ST RACE
Jennifer.
The Tigress.
Sportmaster.
Outsider:—Harmony.
2ND RACE
Empress Delight.
Shun Lee.
Ringmaster.
Outsider:—Rowan Glen.
3RD RACE
Lona.
Anyway.
The Stranger.
Outsider:—Golden Dragon.
4TH RACE
Jeep Hing.
Countess Delight.
Victorious.
Outsider:—Arabian Moon.
5TH RACE
Jeep Hing.
Amarant.
Fairly Fast.
Outsider:—Pay Day.
6TH RACE
Heroic Lanza.
Rebel.
Scalfer.
Outsider:—The Chief.
7TH RACE
V.I.P.
Foylo.
Sparkling Star.
Outsider:—Roue, d'Or.
8TH RACE
Chief Pilot.
Minx.
Bootsie.
Outsider:—Noondan Sun.
9TH RACE
Big Shot.
Flying Jib.
Red Fox.
Outsider:—Liberation Star.
10TH RACE
Chief Witness.
Marigold.
Colonia.
Outsider:—Possibility.

Kromlin Romance

London, May 20.—The newspaper, Star, said today that Vice-Premier V. M. Molotov's daughter, Svetlana, and Premier Josef Stalin's son, Vasil, are going to get married. Stalin's son is a major general in the Air Force.—United Press.

EDITORIAL

Civil War Developments

THE Chinese Communists are taking an astonishingly long time to accomplish what once appeared to be a comparatively simple task—the capture of Shanghai. There are indications, in fact, that they have been forced, by circumstances for which they had not previously made provision, of changing their strategy, and are now depending more on a successful crossing of the Whangpoo from Pootung rather than the investment of Woosung from the north and west. And if this proves to be the case, it will be to the credit of the Nationalists that they have offered sufficient resistance to force the Communists into this new line of attack. Having made that acknowledgment, it still remains to be observed that there are no impressive signs that the Communists can be prevented from achieving their objective. The two predominant posers are: how long will it take them to capture Shanghai? And to what extent, if any, the city is to be subjected to military assault? The Bund, which contains an important section of foreign business houses, has been sealed off by the city police and manned by Nationalist troops. The move can be attributed to a variety of reasons: the Authorities may fear a bombardment from Pootung and are endeavouring to avoid heavy casualties among the civilian population; they may be anticipating an attempted landing by Communist forces from across the river at that point; or it may be just a gesture, trying to show a bold front when all other hope has been surrendered. Whatever the motive or intention the action brings home to the foreign community in Shanghai (if any emphasis was needed) that the civil war is on their doorstep, and that it might prove extremely uncomfortable before it resolves itself. The encroachment of Nationalist defences into an area essentially foreign is a reminder to British and other non-Chinese nationals in

Shanghai that the time has arrived for them to call upon their reserves of calmness and fortitude. But while Hongkong watches the Shanghai scene with increasing interest, and no little concern, it also appreciates that the Communists are developing a threat further south which can have important repercussions on the Colony. Although the day-to-day news has only sketchily dealt with the Communist advances through Kiangsi and Fukien, enough information is available to show that a powerful offensive is being mounted in the direction of Kwangtung—an offensive that will reach its peak when the Red armies make contact with their underground forces and sympathisers on the East River. It has been suggested that the Red drive on Foochow is a diversion, but it is more likely to be intended as a cover for the southern advance—to seal off Nationalist armies which might otherwise be in a position to sting and plunder the flanks of the main Communist forces now merging on Yunan. It seems to be generally conceded by observers that there will be no serious opposition to the Communist drive on Kwangtung; nevertheless its tempo may well be controlled by developments in the Shanghai area. Shanghai is the big prize and until it is in the hands of the Reds, other operations, no matter how spectacular, can be regarded as secondary. Shanghai first, Canton next, would appear to be the time table mapped out by the Communists, and it will need a serious reverse in the battle for China's largest city to bring about a change in that programme. And this has meaning for Hongkong, inasmuch that a precipitate rush of Red armed forces into Kwangtung could gravely embarrass our position on the border which might be obliterated by an orderly and timed advance. In any event, it behoves the Colony to keep a weather eye on the Communist drive against our next door neighbour.

Nationalists Counter-Attack At Pootung

REDS RETREAT, CLAIM

The Battle Of Shanghai Moving Toward Climax

Shanghai, May 21.—A Chinese Air Force report issued last night claimed that Government Forces in the Pootung district were counter-attacking and that the Reds were retreating, but no details were given.

Optimistic communiques notwithstanding, the Battle of Shanghai was generally believed yesterday to be moving towards a climax amid rising tension and indescribable confusion in China's commercial capital.

Warships Ready To Evacuate

Americans From S. China

Aboard The U.S. Flagship El Dorado off China, May 20.—The United States Navy in China waters now will establish its readiness to evacuate Americans who may want to leave South China, Vice Admiral Oscar Badger said today.

The Commander of the United States Forces in the West Pacific revealed that he expected to confer soon with Mr. Lewis Clark, head of the Canton branch of the United States Embassy on the general South China situation. The conference is expected to take up possible emergency evacuation of some 400 Americans in the Canton area already reported to be threatened by the advance Communist troops.

Press reports received aboard the El Dorado said that Nationalist officials planned abandoning Canton indicated the purpose of

Admiral Badger's mission in South China.

Adm. Badger said, "The evacuation from Canton was not expected to be as large an operation as in North China or Shanghai although if unduly delayed it would be more difficult in some respects."

Adm. Badger made it clear that "Naval units" have been left behind in the Yangtze area to take aboard any last minute evacuees from Shanghai who might desire to leave by private launch down the Whangpoo.—United Press.

With the city's nerve-centre—the Bund area—paralysed by a stringent blockade, business was at a complete standstill while housewives confronted empty stalls in food markets.

An official communique issued late yesterday indicated that Red pincers converging on the mouth of the harbour at Woosung were only five miles apart, but it said that crack Nationalist units, fighting with their backs to the city's life-line—the Whangpoo River—succeeded yesterday in preventing a further constriction of the Red steel cordon round the metropolis.

The Central News revealed that the Chinese Air Force, hoisting low-hanging rain clouds, provided non-stop support throughout the battles, bombing and strafing.

There was no news yesterday regarding the situation at Luchang Airport which, however, was believed to be still in Nationalist hands. Several large transports were said to be standing by there for an emergency.

In a review of naval operations, a Nationalist Navy spokesman estimated that more than 10,000 Communist troops were killed by naval gunfire in the past week when warships helped to smash Red attacks on the Woosung-Pootung front. He revealed that the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, Admiral Kwel Yung-ching, was personally directing defensive operations.

The lull continued yesterday on the southern and western perimeters with both sides reported to be bringing up reinforcements for the next round of the battle for Huangpu airfield while in the northern suburb the Communists threw two regiments against the Chinese Government's Radio Administration building at Luchang but they called off the attack after eight fruitless "human sea" charges, according to the Central News.

The Nationalist Air Force announced yesterday that a "few" Government planes were hit by Communist anti-aircraft fire during low-flying strafing missions on Wednesday but that all of them managed to return to their base safely.

The military blockade of the Bund, officially stated to be due to the "close proximity of the battle-front," caused unprecedented traffic jams in downtown Shanghai throughout the day with pedestrians, motorcars and man-powered vehicles clogging all side streets.—Reuter.

Eastern Berlin Railway Strike

Berlin, May 20.—Fifteen thousand railway workers in Eastern Berlin went on strike at midnight and the Russian-controlled German railway administration called off strike breakers.

Strikers and strikebreakers, both armed with clubs, clashed at the West Berlin elevated station shortly after midnight. The East Berlin railway management, under Russian direction, had said its trains would run despite the strike. The union had replied it would tolerate no strikebreakers in Western Berlin.—United Press.

Where's The Fire, Son?



That is what Atlanta, Ga., policeman Ted Edwards (in air) could be saying to his 6-year-old son, Teddy, as he zips under his legs on his special junior motorcycle. The father-son act was part of the big parade of some 20,000 members of school safety patrols in Washington, D.C. Father built the machine for junior. — AP Picture.

Sizzling Churchill Attack On The Labour Govt.

Glasgow, May 20.—Britain's wartime Prime Minister, Mr Winston Churchill, returned to the attack on the Labour Government tonight when he blamed it for the "lamentable disasters" in India, Burma and Palestine.

"The Conservative Party cannot be held responsible for these disasters," he told a mass meeting of 20,000 Conservatives, "but we are bound all the same to face the consequences. We have no choice but to accept what has happened. We must look to the future and try our utmost to do the best for all."

Mr Churchill said the Conservatives accepted the Labour Government's recent accord with the Commonwealth countries to let a Republican India remain in the Commonwealth and its general treatment of the Irish question, but he declared, the Labour Party had brought British prestige to its lowest ebb for centuries.

"South American republics twist the Lion's tail in the Antarctic. The Albanians mine British warships and tell our sailors, Israeli aircraft shoot down Royal Air Force fighters, and the Chinese Red Army fire upon the British Fleet with impunity and drive it back."

LAMENTABLE DISASTERS
"The sooner the Ministers are dismissed from office the sooner shall we regain our self respect and command the respect of others."

Mr Churchill said: "Lamentable disasters have occurred in India, Burma and Palestine which might easily have been avoided by a wise and competent handling of our affairs."

"The Conservative Party cannot be held responsible for these disasters," he said. "It was this conviction which led me to accept, on behalf of the Conservative Party, the settlement which has been reached about India and the Commonwealth affairs and about the relations between the nations and states of our world-wide associations and the King, who is its supreme head, and to save by every means in our power whatever can be rescued in this period of temporary decline and eclipse."

"We accept the settlement which has been made with the agreement of the Empire or Commonwealth, Prime Ministers gathered in London, under

Britain Says "No"

To Big Three Talks

London, May 20.—Britain told Russia in secret New York talks that she was not prepared to start "Big Three" negotiations on Greece behind the back of the Athens Government, the British Foreign Office stated today.

The Foreign Office said that the British Minister of State, Mr Hector McNell, made this clear at the second of recent conversations on a tentative Russian proposal for talks with the United States and Britain to end the Greek civil war.

The Deputy Foreign Minister, Mr Andrei Gromyko, represented Russia, and the Assistant State Secretary, Mr Dean Rush, the United States, at three informal New York conversations on April 20, May 5 and May 14.

A usually reliable London source said today that Mr Ernest Bevin, the British Foreign Secretary, and the United States Secretary of State, Mr Dean Acheson, are likely to discuss Moscow's proposal when they meet in Paris over the week-end.

NO EQUAL FOOTING
Britain would almost certainly frown, on any suggestion of mediating on an equal footing between the Greek Government and the guerrillas, this source added.

The British spokesman said that the New York meetings were solely to clarify the Soviet suggestions. There had been no negotiations.

Mr McNell pointed out to Mr Gromyko that the civil war would soon end if Greece's northern neighbours stopped giving aid and shelter to the rebels, the spokesman added.

Mr McNell also said that the United Nations was carrying on certain work in relation to Greece, which the three Governments would not wish to cut across.

M. Layan Melas, Greek Ambassador in London, was informed of the course of the New York discussions this morning.

The Soviet suggestion for negotiations, disclosed last night by the official Tass news agency, was linked with proposals that the three Powers should make a peace appeal in Greece, that a general amnesty should be declared and that a general election, should be held.—Reuter.

Strikers In Gun Fight

Milan, May 20.—One striker was shot dead and several injured in a fight at Cascina, near Milan, between pro-Communist strikers and non-Communist strike breakers. The non-Communist had come from neighbouring Bergamo Province to try to take the place of the strikers.

The police detained several people. The strikers were farm-workers and the police said tonight that 500 workers from a nearby metal-works, who downed tools in sympathy with the farm-workers, joined in the fight. Clashes were also reported from several other parts of Northern Italy.—Reuter.

Vyshinsky To Face A Common Front

Paris, May 20.—The British Foreign Secretary, Mr Ernest Bevin, arrived in Paris tonight for preliminary week-end talks with his Western colleagues before beginning the "Big Four" meeting on Germany next Monday.

Replying to questions by a group of press correspondents, Mr Bevin said, "I have nothing to say just now. You had better see me when I am going away."

With the American Secretary of State, Mr Dean Acheson, and the French Foreign Minister, M. Robert Schuman, Mr Bevin is expected to confirm the "common policy" on Germany said to have been worked out secretly this week by diplomatic experts.

THREE CONSIDERATIONS

Usually reliable diplomatic circles here think that no major difference now exist between the Western Powers on a four-Power settlement and that the Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr Andrei Vyshinsky, will face a common-front on:

- (1) Keeping Russia out of control of the Ruhr.
- (2) Maintaining the West German State.
- (3) Determination not to abandon Germany to her own resources.

Mr Acheson is due to arrive by air tomorrow. The Soviet Embassy, at noon, had "no information" as to the time of Mr Vyshinsky's arrival.

Reports from Moscow indicated that he was bringing 70 experts on Germany political advisers and Secretariat personnel.—Reuter.



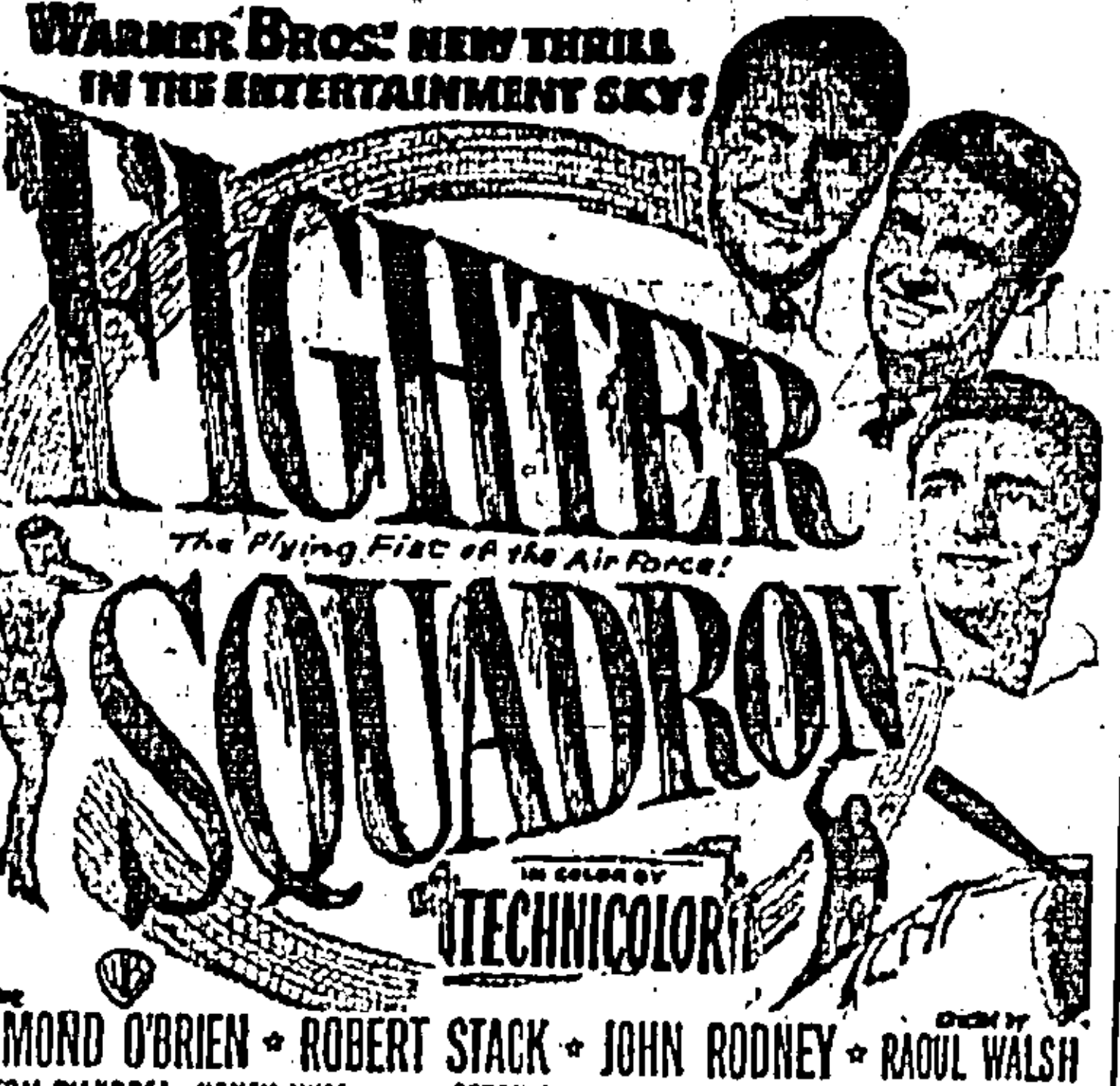
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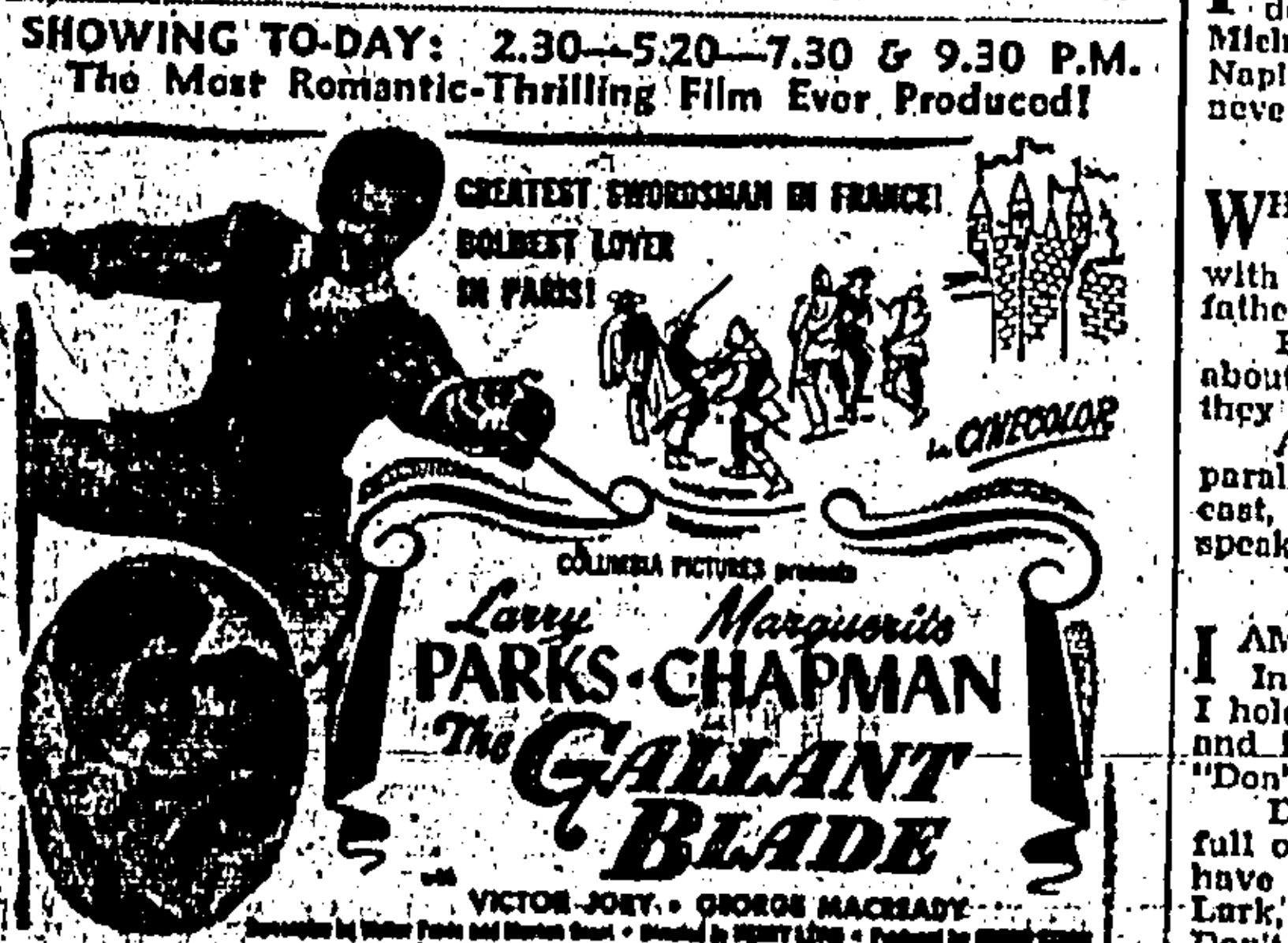
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British Directors Develop A New Film Idiom

By Leonard Wallace

TWO films now showing in the West End of London illustrate admirably the way British studios are achieving a national idiom compounded of integrity of style, distinctive quality and a native sense of drama.

They are 'Passport to Pimlico'—a delightful comedy which is almost a fantasy in the best French manner and yet contrives to be inescapably British—and 'The Last Days of Dolwyn', a half-lyrical half-melodramatic story of a Welsh village.

Two other films at present running in London—'For Them That Tresspass' and 'Man on the Run'—also express national qualities, if in a lesser degree, and both are well worth seeing as representative of the sincere film-making which is now going on in British studios despite difficulties of rising costs—or perhaps to some extent because of them. The need for economy,

in fact, is often a spur to imagination.

SIR MICHAEL BALCON, of Ealing Studios, who has sponsored so many distinctive British pictures, gave a free hand in 'Passport to Pimlico' to script writer Ted Clarke and director Henry Cornelius. And together these two have devised



A scene from the British film 'Saraband For Dead Lovers', now showing at the Queen's Theatre. The story is that of the love affair between Princess Sophie-Dorothée (Joan Greenwood) and Count Philip von Konigsmark (Stewart Granger) one of the greatest scandals of 17th Century Europe. Also starred are Flora Robson and Frederic Valk.

This Made me laugh a lot

By STEPHEN WATTS

WHEN a comedy is neat, quick, and has (the word can be dodged), charm, what more do you want? Such is "That Wonderful Urge." It made me laugh a lot. It is romantic, and I thought the two young people concerned (Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power) eminently equipped to make the illusion easy to take.

All this despite its largely meaningless title. "That Wonderful Urge" has nothing to knock your eye out in the way of originality or brilliance. It is a routine product—or rather what producers would like to be routine. Only this time it comes off.

"Come to Sunny Italy"

THE come-to-Italy movement has a wonderful time in the new British films. "That Dangerous Age" is only a few minutes old when Myrna Loy tells her barrister husband Roger Livesey that a kind friend has lent them a Cotswold villa. Right at the beginning of "The Golden Madonna" Phyllis Calvert inherits a small palace outside Naples. Later, the business of the plot takes her to Capri, too.

I'm all for film makers getting out and about. I love a breath of balmy air and a spot of sub-tropical sunshine on the screen. But for all the purpose these two films have achieved by their fascinating and exotic backgrounds they might as well have been made in the Mile End-rand.

Unfair To Myrna Loy

ONE of the most attractive and accomplished visiting stars British films has ever had, Myrna Loy has little to thank us for. She is badly photographed in "That Dangerous Age," and her part is that of a very silly and implausible woman who falls in love with her husband anew when he goes blind. She turns out her boy friend (Richard Greene) on her step-daughter (Fanny Cummings). Morally dubious, it is unconvincing dramatically.

If the equable and graceful Miss Loy can bring herself to throw blame where it is due, she should not forget the script writer who has unloaded some cliché-ridden and corny stuff on her. He is her husband, Gene Markey.

Peggy Cummings, despite a terrible Irish-English-American accent, shows signs of being once again something like the actress she was years ago on the London stage. She must be 20 now if she's a day.

Couldn't Be Sillier

IF films can be much sillier than "The Golden Madonna" I don't want to have it proved to me. Phyllis Calvert and Michael Rennie spin out a bloodless romance while they search Naples and Capri for a missing picture. They find it, as we never doubted they would, at very long last.

What's Wrong With Ford?

WHAT'S come over John Ford, the man who made "The Informer" and "Stage Coach"? His "Fugitive" was laden with symbolism and did not come off. His latest, "Three God-fathers" is a wider miss.

For half an hour it is a goodish Western (in pleasant colour) about three bank robbers. Then it turns to low comedy, when they find themselves many-ling a baby.

After an hour it switches again—and believe it or not a parallel is drawn with the three wise men of the East in the east, the Babe in the manger.... I thought the end of this unspeakable, maudlin bad taste would never come.

How Not To Suck Eggs

I AM now going to tell my grandfather how not to suck eggs. In "Enchantment" (coming to the King's), Sam Goldwyn, whom I hold in high esteem, sucks the egg of sentimentality bone-dry, and it is unworthy of him. I presumptuously give him these "Don'ts":

Don't ever again make a film about a London house that is full of memories, far less one that talks about them; Don't ever have anything to do with a story in which characters are called Lark, Rollo, Grizel, Solina, Felham, Proulla and Uncle Bunny; Don't ever have English people played with American accents; Have flashbacks if you can't avoid them, but don't have flash-backs if you are maddening.

Only the solid abilities of David Niven and Teresa Wright save this sticky mass from total liquefaction.

Then there comes to Dolwyn a self-confident young man spurned by the village for his misdeeds years ago. He comes to buy out the village, tenant by tenant, as the representative of the water development company. Dolwyn must be drowned for his private vengeance.

Pimlico is a typical piece of London just north of the Thames. You could not find anywhere more English. Yet after some children have brought about the accidental explosion of the last buried bomb in that much-battered area, an old document is thrown up with the debris revealing that centuries ago this small part of London was ceded to Burgundy.

That this half of France now no longer exists as a separate state does not bother the heretics of the area. It is enough for them that this ancient charter holds good in law and that they are, for many delightful practical purposes, an independent set up.

They set up a customs barrier between them and the rest of London and Britain. They abolish rationing, elect their own Government. Ministers from local tradesmen, and build up a thriving export trade with neighbouring postal districts.

It would be unfair to say more of the expansion of this brilliantly contrived jest. It is enough to know that the development is as fascinating as the basic idea. Teamwork by a fine cast of character players, which include such skilled performers as Stanley Holloway and Hermione Baddeley, by resourceful camera crew and by skilled set-builders, is responsible for the pace and richness of the comedy.

We first see Dolwyn in its unsplendid peace, its shepherds on the hillsides, its housewives gossiping cheerfully at their gates.

The Last Days of Dolwyn tells a story of a Welsh village which is doomed to be flooded in its beautiful valley so that a reservoir may be provided to fill the taps and baths of the industrial Midlands.

It is a nice example of a taut, well-made film produced to a moderate budget. Like 'For Them That Tresspass', it comes from Associated British.

Notes From British Studios:

He's Happy To Be A Murderer Again

DELIGHTED to return to murdering is Dirk Bogarde, who leaves Boys in Brown, a story of young delinquents, to become a policeman's killer in Ealing's Scotland Yard film, The Blue Lamp.

Although Dirk has made his screen name in romantic roles he prefers playing the villain. He got his first screen part because of his outstanding performance as a young murderer in the play Power Without Glory.

TREVOR HOWARD, at present on location in Tunisia on Ronald Neame's The Golden Salamander, went to a local cinema and saw himself in the French dubbed version of

Green For Danger, in which he starred. He understood very little of what he was saying because his school French did not come up to scratch.

Meanwhile, in England, Howard's "voice" Ivan Desny, now star in his own right, was appearing opposite Ann Todd in Cineguild's Madeleine.

MR J. ARTHUR RANK has received a cable on behalf of the people of Malta, congratulating him on "that excellent production Hamlet." The film is breaking all records after a gala premiere attended by the Governor, Prime Minister, Members of Parliament and leading notabilities of the George Cross Island.

BLONDE, 18-year-old Noni Piper, a Sydney radio star, has been chosen by director Ralph Smart from a hundred Australian girls to play Chipp Rafferty's daughter in Ealing's third Australian film, Bitter Springs.

Star of two French pictures, L'Inconnu d'un Soir and Monsieur, she got her part in The Spider And The Fly after she had been seen in the Paris stage version of Noel Coward's Present Laughter.

ANN TODD sings for the first time in her screen career in Cineguild's Madeleine, story of a Glasgow girl who was tried for the murder of her lover in the 1850's. The song is an old French ballad discovered in an 1845 edition of L'Illustration.

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The DREAM LIFE of NANCY PRICE

—THE THIRD in a series of extracts from the morning-after diary of a distinguished actress, who has recorded her dreams with startling evidence to support her belief that they have some meaning.

IN my dream last night I went to M's. I had been anxious about her since she lost her very dear companion and friend.

"I want you to see some fine old furniture in the flat opposite, which is just vacant," she said.

I was now in M's bedroom and a jolly little boy came in.

"I live next door to Miss M," he said. "I've come for a bath!" Then in came his mother. "My boy is always so clean," she said, proudly, and as she spoke, the boy came back.

"I've had my bath," he said, "and put on my best clothes."

It did not seem out of place that he was wearing a black satin bodice and skirt, heavily trimmed with jet, a large purple bonnet, and riding boots.

Miss M. took me next door to see the furniture. We were immediately in a small, dark hall and I was depressed by the drabness of the whole place and the furniture—masses of it.

"Take anything you fancy," said the hall-porter. "I must clear everything. It is let to a 'Lachloo' who wants immediate possession because of his two 'Zessies'."

The rooms were left as if the people had just got out of bed and walked off. Everything was dirty, sordid, furniture hideous, nothing good save the elderdowns—there were piles of these on the unmade beds.

Coming back into the hall we found it crowded with would-be buyers.

"My waking impression of these two non-dictionary words is that a Lachloo was a member of an extinct race and that he travelled with his Zessies—creatures of some species unknown to zoology."

be purchasers. The hall-porter then produced some dirty, blue satin dresses with long trains. "These would suit you," he said, turning to me and he insisted on both Miss M. and myself putting one on. The crowd exclaimed at their beauty.

I pressed a pound in the porter's hand and wondered how I could get back into my own clothes as even Miss M. was insisting that I had never looked so well.

"How extraordinary for people to leave a flat in this condition," I said to M. when we were back in her flat.

"I don't think so," she replied, "they may come back."

Then I remembered that I must get back to lunch, and then seemed great confusion in which the porter and his wife, the elderdowns, M. and myself were all mixed up.

"There is no one to get you a taxi," said M., "the porter is too busy, you must wait; eat your sandwiches here."

I felt myself dreading opening packets of hard ham and dry bread. "I can't," I said.

"To be useful, you should eat five a day yesterday, and they were difficult to catch," said M.

I woke still trying to eat that awful sandwich. My tongue going round and round, my body weighed down by innumerable bottles.

Then, several days later—

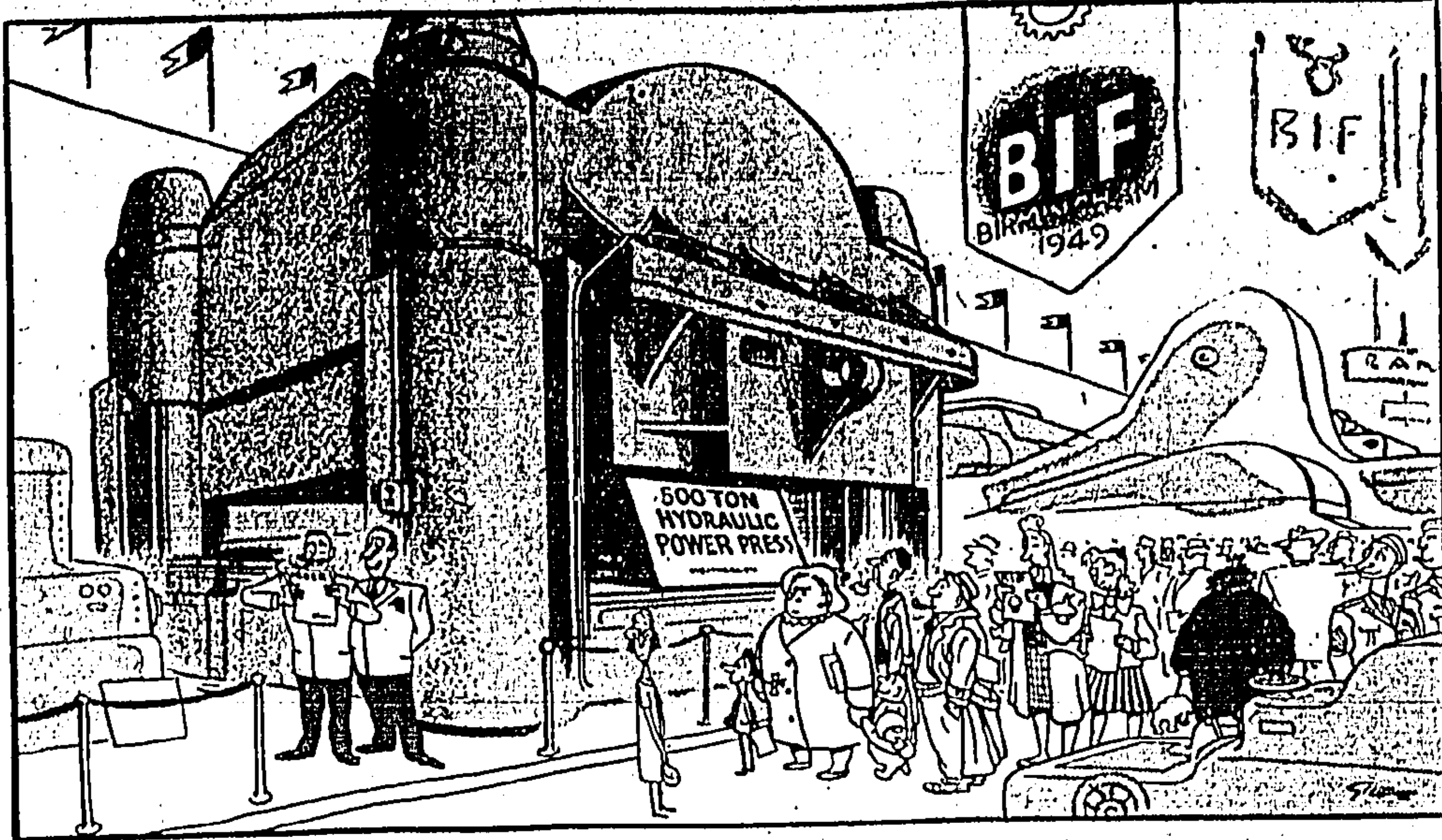
MY FRIEND called with the news that the flat opposite hers had been vacated during the night. The tenants had left everything with a note: "No money to pay rent, sell effects for what you can get."

And, said my friend, as in the dream, "they had such a nice room, so clean looking; and only a few days before they left his mother came in and asked permission to use my bath, as something had gone wrong with the plumbing. I shall not forget that day, for I nearly choked swallowing a fly."

I then read to her the record of my dream, exactly as set down some days before.

"FROM 'Acquainted with the night,'" to be published this summer by George Ronald, Oxford, 7s. 6d.

(London Express Service)



"But, Vera, you'd no right to let the gentleman sell you an hydraulic press."

London Express Service

BERNARD WICKSTEED IN ARABIA

... I ask you now —what would you do with £50,000 for every week of your life?

KUWAIT, Arabia. WHAT would you do if you won £50,000 in a football pool? Most people at home have asked themselves that question at some time or other. But here's a better one. What would you do if you went on winning £50,000 every week for the rest of your life?

Another dispatch from the man with Round-the-World Ticket No. 1

It doesn't appear to have been played since it came to Arabia.

They say you can tell a man's taste by his books. So I made a note of those on his shelves. They are nearly all thrillers and novels by such authors as Elfric M. Dell. But he hasn't read any. He can't read or speak English.

In this land of Persian carpets, the one he has in his room was made in Axminster. Round the walls there are signed photographs of people who have been to see him. This is where the shahk's genius comes out. If anyone pays a repeat call, he finds his own picture in the most prominent position.

Every morning the shahk gets up about five o'clock. That is customary out here, because it is too hot to sleep after that. From seven to nine he sits on a wooden bench on a veranda and looks at the papers.

He goes over the verbatim reports of the various Arabic broadcasts. There are some 15 of these sent out by Britain, Russia, America, and other countries.

Not a word of them is missed.

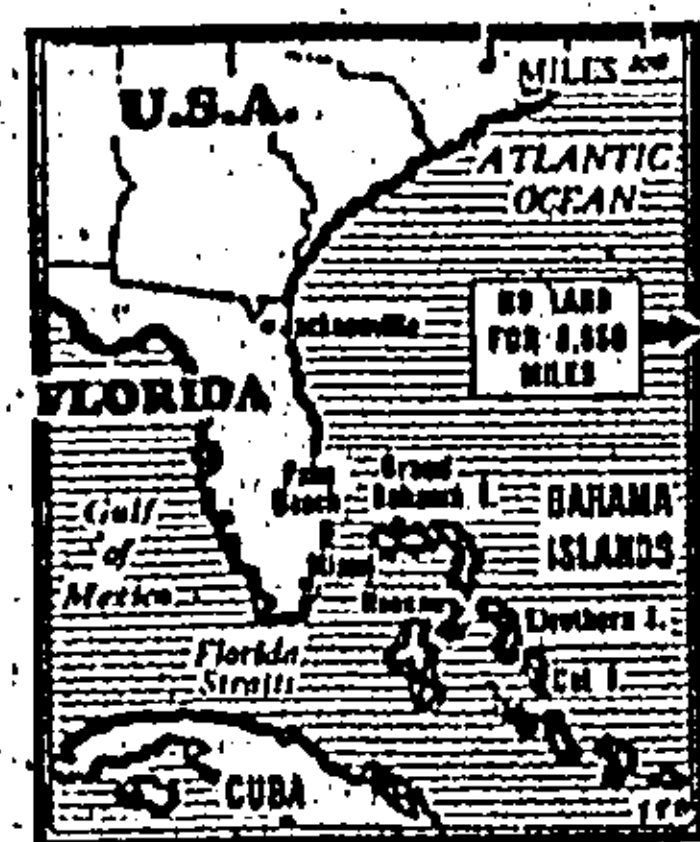
In bed at 9.30

AT 10.30 he receives foreign callers, and at 11 o'clock disappears into the more secluded parts of the palace till four. After that he meets people again, or goes out in one of his boats till the Moslem evening prayer at sunset. He is in bed by 9.30.

ROCKETS TO BE FIRED NEAR HOLIDAY ISLES

By VINCENT EVANS

Washington, miles from the Grand Bahama Island. But it is expected that the radar posts will be on the lonelier isles, where there is little chance of interference from sightseers.



The first news of the project came from the U.S. State Department. Details are secret, but it is believed the Americans have four launching sites on the mainland manned by their experts.

Installations on the Bahamas holiday isles of the British West Indies, will be staffed jointly by Britons and Americans.

Palm Beach, playground of American millionaires, is the nearest point on the Florida coast to the Bahamas. It is 50

Is that how you'd spend your life if every hour you became £312 10s. richer?

It is true that he's had a great number of wives, though the Moslem law allows him only four at a time.

To an oilman who went to see him in 1938 he mentioned that he'd had 37. He's probably married and divorced a few more since then. But, even so, they seldom leave the palace. They don't wear nylons. They don't need fur coats.

So what, for heaven's sake, does he do with the DOUGH?

The answer is he does practically nothing at all. He has bought a couple of tankers to bring in fresh water to the town. He is helping to finance a hospital and some schools. For the rest, he just sits and watches his bank balance grow.

A royal joke

HIS great friend is Ibn Saud, King of Saudi-Arabia. Ibn Saud is the top man around here, a regular Henry VIII, of a monarch, and even the shahk is subjected to his practical jokes.

On a recent visit, the "King" gave him a room with a bedside telephone, and then rang him up every half-hour to ask him how he was sleeping.

When the shahk's millions have grown a bit more, even Ibn Saud liberties like that. So will every other Moslem from Morocco to Pakistan. That's the day that the shahk is waiting for.

But it's not my cup of tea. Leaving the palace, I hired an Arab show and went fishing in the Persian Gulf.

I did get some fun for my money.

(London Express Service)

CRIME QUIZ by MILESON HORTON

1. SCENE OF CRIME:



2. THE VICTIM: Cyril Lester—killed playing pool after alleged self-defence.

3. JIM READ SAID: "I caught him cheating. He drew a gun. I fired. That's all. He fell dead."

What do you say?

(Solution on Page 13)

C.V.R. Thompson No gentle zephyr

NEW YORK. THE Zephyr Express began stopping again at the tiny Texas cattle town of Electra.

The 7,500 townspeople, led by cowboy mayor, Leo Moore, made so much fuss in the fortnight the train has been going nonstop through Electra that the railway bosses changed their minds.

First, every citizen stood at the station and tooted whistles as the Zephyr flashed by. Next day it did not flash by because Mayor Moore posted an ordinance that all trains must slow down to 15 miles an hour through the town.

Next day there was another ordinance—trains were subject to sanitary inspection inside Electra's town limits. And, finally, there was an ordinance giving cars and pedestrians the right of way over railway tracks, which halted up the Zephyr for a perambulator.

OPINION: The New Republic magazine thinks that this is how the Big Three hopes for their conference with Russia may be summarised—London nothing, Paris everything, Washington something.

HOME: On sale—a new type alarm clock which, before jolting you out of bed with that jangling bell, tries first to awaken you by blinking a light in your eyes.

EDUCATION: At Buffalo University examination papers in history will include a crossword puzzle, with clues taken from the term's history lectures.

FASHION: A modern version of the shirt-waist and skirt fashions of Gibson Girl days is returning to New York this summer. It is not very different from the old version, except that it is recommended for office wear, as well as on bicycles built for two.

SHOW BUSINESS: Land Turner is all set to resume her film career... Oliver Hardy is making a comeback, but without his old partner, Stan Laurel... After one attempt at being a good fellow (on the screen, of course), Richard Widmark is going back to the old stuff, but more so. Lili Palmer, Rex Harrison's wife, is refusing all Hollywood offers because she will not leave her husband.

(London Express Service)

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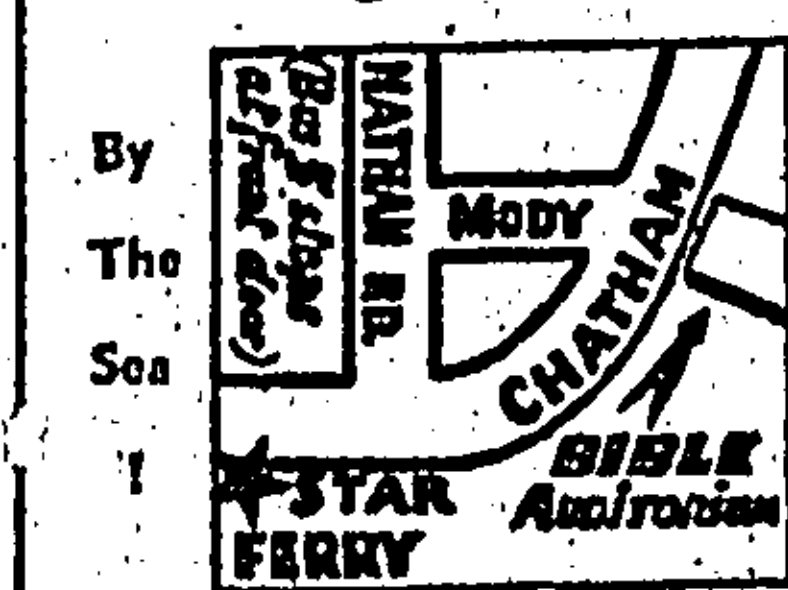
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Get Him Out of This! No. 2

by ERNEST DUDLEY

(The Armchair Detective)

SNIP CARTON—Insurance Agent—tracks arch-crook Ruff Diamond to his lair in a big, in fact a Wapping, warehouse overlooking the river. You know, where it's always foggy and the river police never stop pulling bullet-riddled bodies out of the wet.



(See Page 13)

London Express Service



MR David Mercer MacDougall, who has retired as Colonial Secretary, left Hongkong last week for the United Kingdom. Above he is seen speaking at the farewell party given in his honour by leading members of the Chinese community. From left: Lady Chan Chak, Admiral Sir Andrew Chan Chak, Mr MacDougall, Col. L. T. Rido, Dr Li Shu-fan and General S. K. Yee. (Francis Wu). The two pictures on the right were taken at Queen's Pier, where Mr MacDougall was seen off by a large number of friends and where he boarded a launch for the ss Carthago. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



SOME of the many Norwegians and their friends who attended a cocktail party given at the Peninsula Hotel on Tuesday to celebrate Norway's National Day. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR E. Ulstrup, Norwegian Consul, speaking at the cocktail party celebrating Norway's National Day. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken at St Margaret's Church after the wedding of Mr Frederick Royston Robert Gumbrell and Miss Theresa Maria Xavier. (Ming Yuen)



MR C. U. Tung and Miss Lily Ai, who were married at the Roman Catholic Cathedral last week. (Ming Yuen)

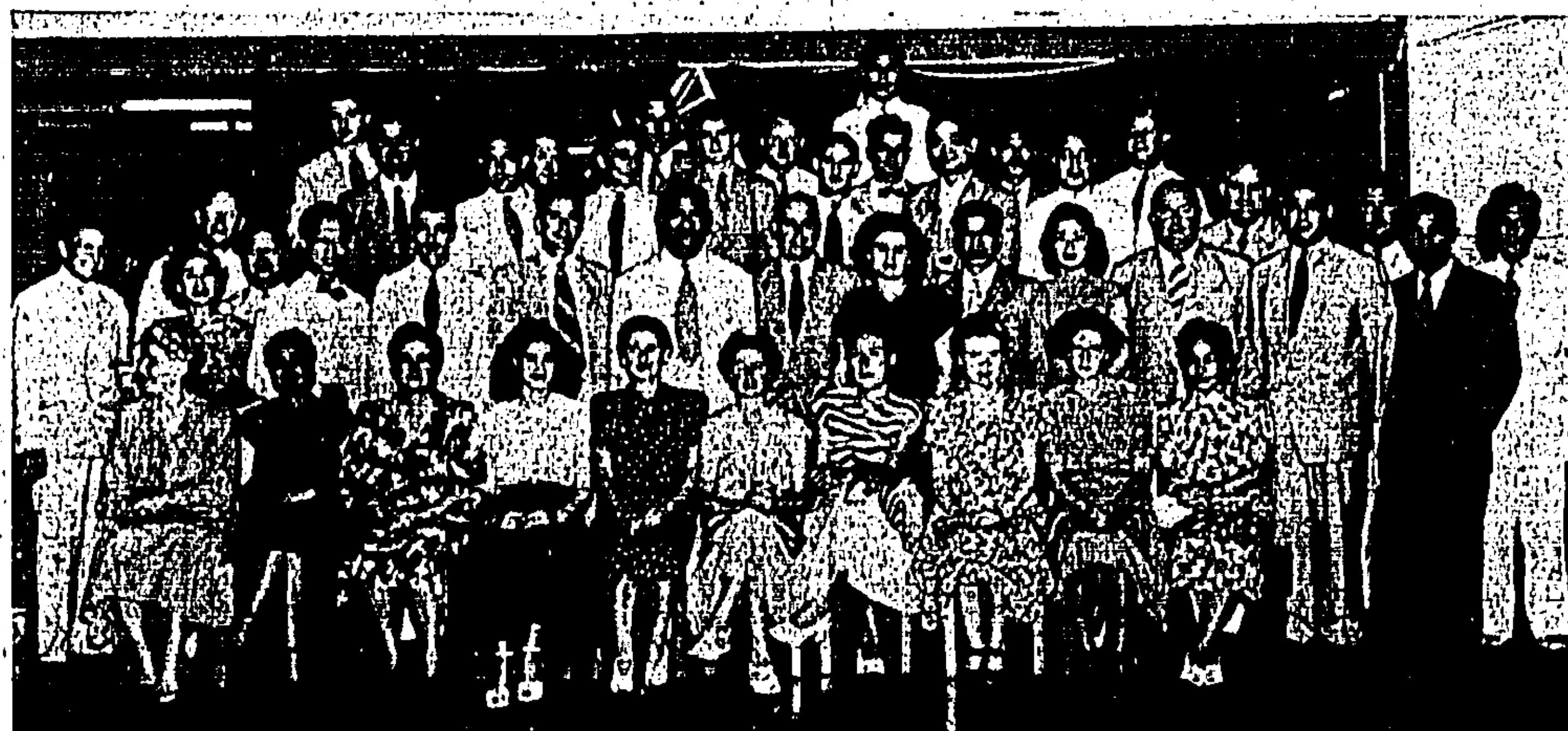
THE well-known Singapore rubber magnate, Mr Tan Kan-keo, is on a visit to Hongkong. He is seen above speaking at a reception in his honour. (Sun Ying Ming)



PICTURE taken on the occasion of the baptism at St Joseph's Church of Amalia May and Rosalia Margaret Magdalen, daughters of Mr and Mrs P. E. Cox (Ming Yuen)

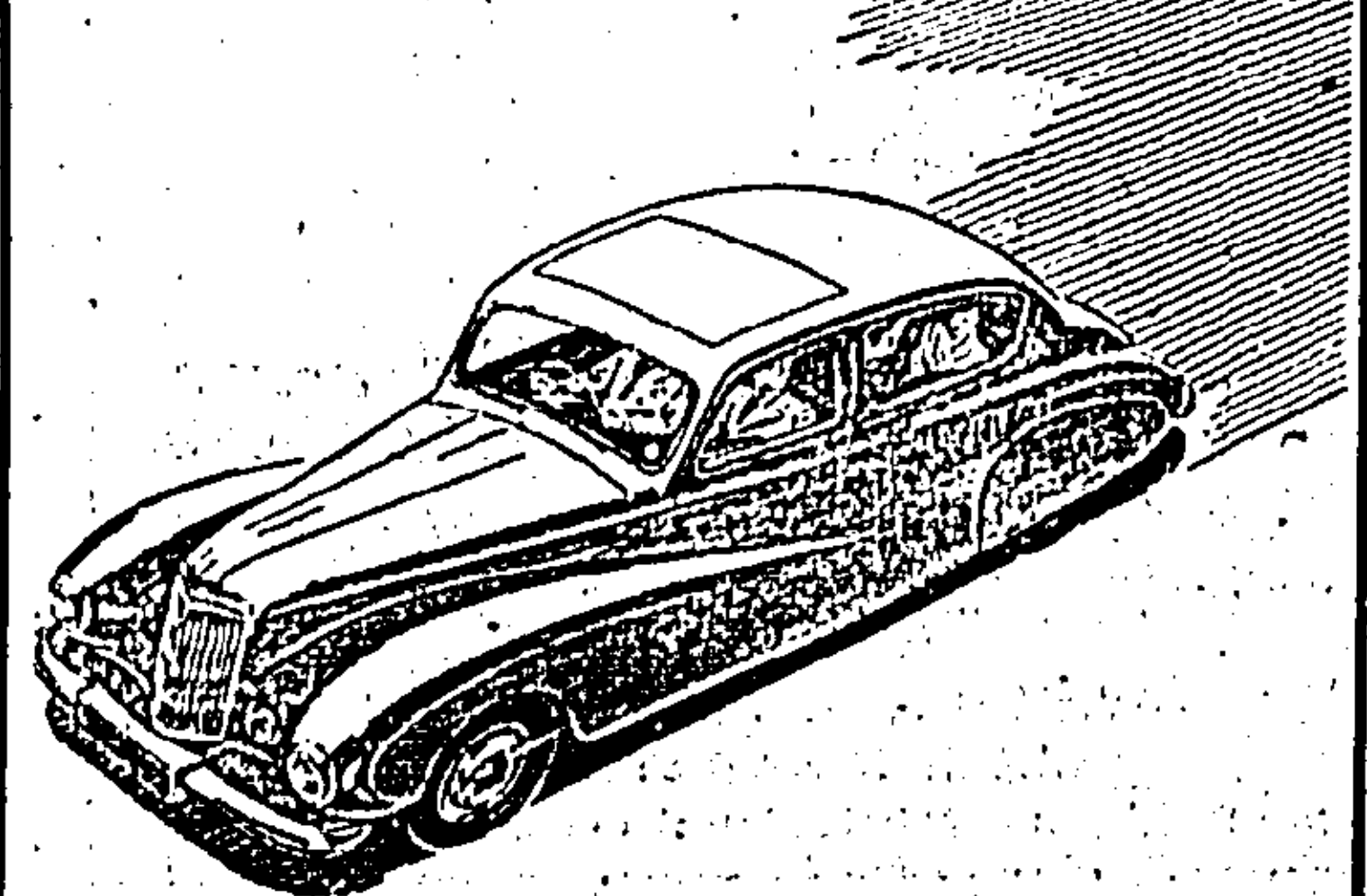


LEFT: Mr W. R. Hobbin (fourth from right), manager of the Mercantile Bank of India, Ltd., who is shortly going to Japan, was guest of honour at a cocktail party given on Tuesday at the Hongkong Hotel by the Indian Merchants' Association. (Roy Tsang)



MR K. C. Hamilton, senior Government marine surveyor, who is retiring after 22 years in Hongkong, was feted by Mr Ng Hon-ki and Mr Liu Wan-po at the Kwong Chow Restaurant last Saturday, when the above picture was taken. (Golden Studio)

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HOLIDAY AND TRAVEL CLOTHES IN WOOL

By JOAN ERSKINE

LONDON is crowded with overseas visitors. The British Industries Fair is proving a huge success. "Fashion Fortnight" is shortly to take place, to boost our export trade. Dozens of firms will be "at home" to overseas buyers during the fortnight. And with London invaded by colourful Malayan women, exotic Chinese girls, dark-eyed Indians in shimmering saris, and sun-tanned Americans, is it any wonder we are all developing a violent wander-lust?

So it was with more than usual interest that I went along to see the International Wool Secretariat's show of holiday and travel clothes this week. It was one of the most colourful shows I have seen for a long while.

Gone were the, oh, so dreary tweeds, flat shoes, and shapeless hats. Most of London's leading wholesalers and model houses showed holiday clothes at this parade.

We were all British enough to admire wholeheartedly two really beautiful rain coats. The first was in soft cherry red



A Rima Model. The jacket can be removed to show a decollete cocktail dress.

showproof gabardine, falling in generous folds from the shoulders. It was worn over a turquoise-blue "Hebeard" suit (like wide whiplash). The skirt was box-pleated widely all round. The second was a natural gabardine extremely tailored, with wide belt and pleated skirt. It was worn over a gaily checked tweed skirt and red twinst.

Experiments in unusual colour combinations were made. Most popular is lemon and grey in all its variations, but I noticed particularly a tiny gold catin, jet-embroidered hat with a black dress; a pink satin cravat with a grey suit; and a close-fitting little hat, almost like a jockey's cap, in vivid yellow, contrasted with a three-piece ensemble in black and white wool suiting. This last outfit comprised a long flowing top coat, and black jacketed suit. The peplum of the jacket was detachable, making it appear to be two entirely different outfits.

This is another point emphasised throughout the show: with an eye to travellers and their luggage, most of those travel clothes were designed cunningly to contain two or three outfits in one. And the featherweight woollen fabrics have no rival for criss-crossing quality. Before you completely discard the idea of wearing wool, think for a moment about sitting in a train or an aeroplane in a linen suit. Is it going to emerge at the end of its journey as uncreased and immaculate as it began?

For those who prefer the short "topper" there was one in grey check tweed worn over a plain grey suit. It had a deep cowl which fell back into a wide collar. The model carried a large "hold-all" handbag in matching tweed, with several useful pockets in it.

The line was slim—no obvious bulkiness at all, even in a yellow and grey striped cruet tweed dress which was pleated right round the skirt.

For the woman travelling luxuriously on a liner, we were shown scarlet barthea slacks and a white wool twin set.

For the lady who likes to lounge—voluntarily, purple pyjamas were caught in at the ankle and worn with slippers which turned up at the toes and sported a tinkling bell. They called the outfit "Turkish Delight."

Personally I was more delighted with Rima's navy dress and jacket in wool georgette to wear on a trip to Paris, perhaps. It had elegance and simplicity, and is sketched for you here. The

effect is of a coat-frock with deeply pointed collar, lined with white plique. When the top is removed, however, a decollete cocktail dress is revealed.

For the teenager, who wants to spend her holiday sailing, there were apple-green Bedford cord "jeans" worn with a cherry and white striped fisherman's jersey. For her, too, was a particularly good playsuit in royal blue jersey. A full hip-length jacket came off to show tiny shorts and brief top with white rope fastening. The shorts came off—and the swim suit was complete. The brief trunks were cut high at the sides to give that longer-leg look.

A pale pink washable pyjama set, well tailored, was topped by a navy wool housecoat with a pink monogram on the pocket. A white non-shrink wool negligee was also washable—a boon for the traveller.

But as always, the main interest switched to the cocktail and evening dresses. A black wool crepe dress with sari-neckline had an attached stole which could be draped any way you please. (Jewellery note—another variation of the pearl necklace—tassels of tiny pearls hung from a longer rope). A black cape, hip length at the back and rising to elbow length in front, was a feature of another black dress. It was lined with pale pink. Dorville showed one of the afternoon dresses, rapidly becoming so popular over here—it is in grey and white check jersey with the new decollete neck line for day wear.

Printed wool taffeta is new—it looks exactly like fine silk with a Paisley design, and is one of the fabrics our "back-room boys" of the textile industry have been working on for a long time.

An evening dress in oyster wool crepe was elaborately draped across the hips, and the material allowed to fall in four flying panels to the hem.

For shipboard travel again we saw a dress that could be made to look like several. It was highly original. The skirt was full and swirling in lightweight black and grey check tweed, and the top was black jersey jacket which tied in the front and had a low neckline. When the jacket was taken off a strapless black top was beneath. The model then put the jacket on BACKWARDS and there she

Prices Must Come Down

By EILEEN ASCROFT

THE price of women's clothes will have to come down. Few women these days can afford to pay selling price and above for their clothes.

Fuysers report that good utility models sell out the day—and the very same hour—that they come into the stores, while expensive ceiling price clothes remain unsold.

Simple styles, smart cut, good materials and a low price—that is what the customer wants today. If she finds it still buy it. If she doesn't she'll wait until she does.

An autumn advance collection, styled by Jeanne Lanvin, of Paris, and manufactured in England, combines all these features. Many of the models are below ceiling price utility, but they are smart and extremely fashion-conscious.

Starred models were a beautiful emerald green coat with deep shawl collar and high back pleat, and simple office frocks in royal blue or black wool with detachable tartan stoles or apron fronts.

Other good ideas for the office girl going on to a dinner date were a black wool frock with detachable hip drape in silk; and a little tartan wool frock with little white plique gilet for the daytime, which takes out for evening, leaving a deep, boat-shaped neckline.

Cocktail dresses in taffetas and silks had petal skirts and uneven hemlines.

HERE AND THERE

It's fresh... French custom of wearing lilies of the valley in May has inspired fragrant new perfumes and beauty accessories.

It's new... Everglaze chintz, which washes freely without losing lustre or stiffness.

It's different... a man's sports jacket in white nylon millane and women's nylon slacks with a permanent crease set into the material by New York comes the "Slurpie," which is a girly with attached petticoats. It gives a sleek hipline and does away with separate slip.

It's crazy... new style for the golf course consists of plaid four topped by matching tweed skirt unbuttoned in the front.

was in a formal high-necked dress with low cut back. Only in wool, with its excellent draping quality, could this be successfully achieved. Yellow and black "duster check" made an evening dress for a young girl. The young look was further accentuated by the tiny bolero with its stiff white pointed collar and black velvet bow—like a choirboy.

Prettiest was a navy wool crepe dinner dress with broderie anglaise on the stiffened cuffed collar, and round the skirt about eight inches from the hem. A tiny Dutch cap of stiffened broderie anglaise completed the picture.

FRESH FLOWER GLAMOUR FROM YOUR GARDEN

By SUSAN DEACON

FLOWERS have such a seasonal popularity that at this time of the year, when they are cheap and plentiful, they should be almost a part of your wardrobe—another accessory.

Make a habit of wearing flowers in the day and evening—but keep them fresh. Wilting blooms give a bedraggled appearance.

A tiny wallflower posy will flatter brown eyes. Primroses, tiger lilies, or coral pink roses are pretty for the green-eyed woman, and mixed anemones or pink and blue cornflowers for grey eyes.

Fresh flower jewellery is attractive and fashionable, and can be worn as earrings, hair combs, or a bracelet.



If you will not have the opportunity of renewing your flowers over a long period, use instead some of the very real-looking artificial flowers which are in the shops.

Don't be orthodox in your choice of flowers. Search the garden, and experiment with ordinary everyday flowers. They can look just as exotic as orchids and gardenias.

You should give as much thought to the colours and size of flowers you wear as you give to your cosmetics and clothes.

Exactly the same rules apply, but even more strictly, because flowers are worn near the face and touching the hair, and the wrong colour will emphasise any complexion faults.

Eyes look bluer
If you have a very fair, slightly pink complexion, keep away from scarlets and cyclamens. White, pale blue, or yellow, would be more flattering.

If your skin is sallow, never wear orange or yellow flowers—wear instead clear blues, pink, or dark red. Flowers should bring out the colour of your eyes. Blue eyes look even bluer if you wear forget-me-nots, grape hyacinths, or violets.

Wear three marigolds at the side of the new short hair.

Use flowers which will not wilt quickly—grape hyacinths, or the separate tiny flowers on a hyacinth, rhododendron, or hydrangea are long lasting.

You can buy the jewellery already made and easily renewed, or it is very easy to make your own.

Wire the flowers and the twist the wire around the top of a hair comb.

Use old studs
For the earrings, use old studs. Remove the pearl or stone and it is simple to fasten the wire securely to the base.

Slit three tiny poses on to a velvet band and tie it round your wrist.

Think up new and attractive ways with flowers, following the present fashion trends.

Mass tiny flowers along one shoulder strap of an evening dress, leaving the other strap bare.

Fasten tiny real rosebuds at intervals over the bodice of an evening dress, or pin a spray of lilac to the flap of your evening bag.

If your hair is black and shining, wear three flat marigolds over one ear, and fasten a small posy of marigolds at your waist.

For day wear, edge the ends of a short wide scarf with a double row of small flowers. You could use lily of the valley on a plain black scarf, or small dark red roses on a pastel coloured scarf.

For a cocktail party, you could copy the same idea on a long-ended sash.

It is a good idea to match your perfume with whichever flowers you are wearing.

Remember—never wear flowers on flowered material... that small flowers give the impression of daintiness. That tiger lilies, gladioli, and lilies are elegant, sophisticated flowers... that the older woman should wear a decorated flower comb and the younger woman flowers in her hair.

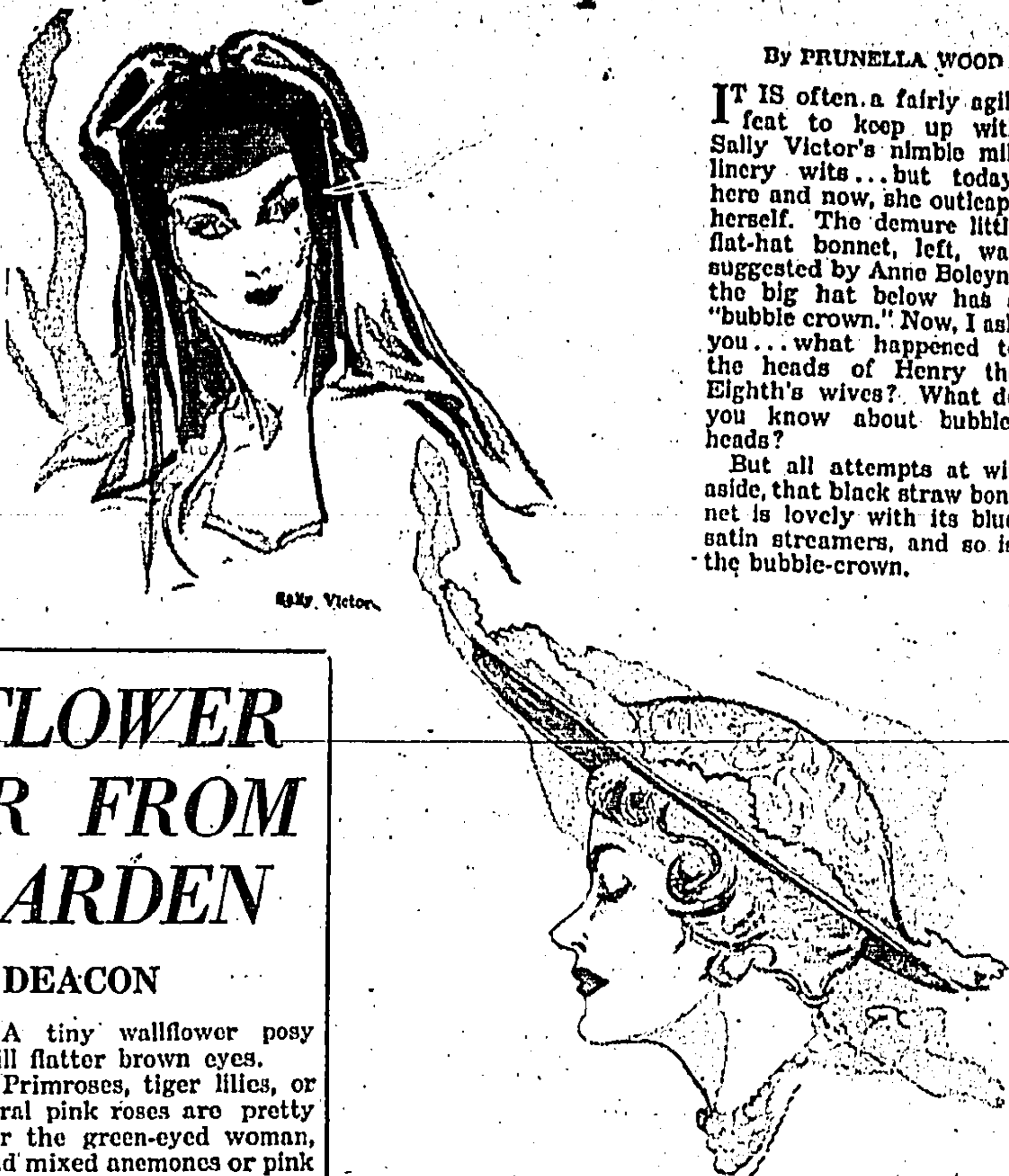
(London Express Service)

New Ways to Keep Your Head

By PRUNELLA WOOD

IT IS often a fairly agile feat to keep up with Sally Victor's nimble millinery wits... but today, here and now, she outleaps herself. The demure little flat-hat bonnet, left, was suggested by Anne Boleyn; the big hat below has a "bubble crown." Now, I ask you... what happened to the heads of Henry the Eighth's wives? What do you know about bubble-heads?

But all attempts at wit aside, that black straw bonnet is lovely with its blue satin streamers, and so is the bubble-crown.



The picture hat above is of little girl blue, its bubble crown and flatter brim covered with white organza which is crusted with appliques of hand embroidery.

How to make the best of your face

by CHERRY MARSHALL

WHEN the teen-ager first starts to use lipstick, then is the time to teach her the technique of correct make-up.

Young faces must be kept natural-looking. They need the very lightest of colourless foundation cream; only a tracing of cream rouge if they are pale. A light dusting of powder, a shade darker than the skin, is sufficient.

All shapes of faces at this age have the charm of youth. Spots and flaws need medical treatment, not cosmetics.

Eyebrows need brushing into shape and glossing with a little vaseline, but eyebrow and mascara are taboo.

Warm olive oil brushed on the lashes darkens them and encourages growth.

Care with lipstick

Lipstick causes most trouble. Younger teen-agers should not use any in daytime.

Later on, rose-tinted and natural shades only should be used; no orange, purple, or flaming reds. The guide is to keep lipstick as unobtrusive as possible.

Hair is best kept short, well-brushed, and dressed in simple styles. Wash it fortnightly, or every week if it gets lank and greasy.

Rinse with a solution of warm water mixed in a quart jug with a tablespoonful of lemon juice or vinegar. Gently with a light, non-greasy brillantine.

When a girl nears the age of 20, she'll probably find her skin needs a little pampering. Now is the time to experiment with rouge, powder, and foundation creams.

Gives face warmth

A tinted foundation will give her face more warmth and colour, and being heavier, will help her to keep shine-proof all day.

She should still avoid a sophisticated make-up, but can go gay on lipsticks to tone with the colour of her clothes.

Mascara on the fair lips of the lashes will make them look longer and thicker. Powder a shade darker blended on the nose and chin can have a shortening effect.

Enlarges the eyes

The tinted pin-point of lipstick on the inner corner of the eyes enlarges.

A round face needs rouge high on the cheeks, a thin one lower on the cheeks, keeping colour away from the nose.

Home-made pack

From 25 to 30 the skin is the first thing to show signs of wear and should be kept in good condition. Dryness causes tiny surface lines about the eyes and mouth, and needs a rich nourishing cream.

Face packs, used fortnightly, are ideal for revitalising the complexion and closing the pores. A home-made recipe mixing two tablespoons of fine oatmeal with warm water to a creamy consistency is excellent for a face pack.

Cover the face and neck completely, protecting the eyes, and leave on for about 20 minutes. Wash off with warm water and rinse in cold.

Blotchy complexions and flabby muscles need reviving with skin tonic and toning with cold water after washing.

After 30 the neck needs more attention. Don't wash and dry it roughly, it tends to stretch.



the skin. If the neck looks thin, pat in a little olive oil at night.

If fat, saturate cotton-wool with astringent lotion and pat in smartly. Do not massage the neck. Remember always to make-up the neck with foundation cream and powder when you are doing your face.

With increasing years, make-up should begin to look unobtrusive again. Light, subtly tinted foundation creams, rouge practically indiscernible, and the faintest of powders are essential. Heavy powdering accentuates wrinkles.

If hair is grey

Mascara should be left off, but eyebrows need to be well-defined and the eyes brightened with just a suggestion of eye-shadow. Choose lipsticks with soft pink tones; purple and too-bright colours are harrowing.

If the hair is grey, use a blue rinse after shampooing, a colourless brillantine to highlight it. Strong sunlight is liable to turn grey hair streaky yellow, and protection is needed.

Keep styles short and natural-looking—no tight rolls. At the back, no corrugated waves. Correct tapering will prevent the ends splitting and turning frizzy.

(London Express Service)

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

ATTRACTIVELY INEXPENSIVE

By MARION CLYDE McCARROLL

THE cozy little two-bedroom home shown at the right is estimated to suit our present space-saving postwar conditions.

This modern little house consists of a fire-resistant roof, asbestos shingle siding, full-thick fireproof mineral wool insulation in walls and above the ceiling, tiled bath, Venetian blinds, kitchen range, refrigerator and plumbing connections for a washing machine (if desired).

The house foundation and floor consist of a 27ft by 25ft concrete slab, finished with asphalt tile in every room.

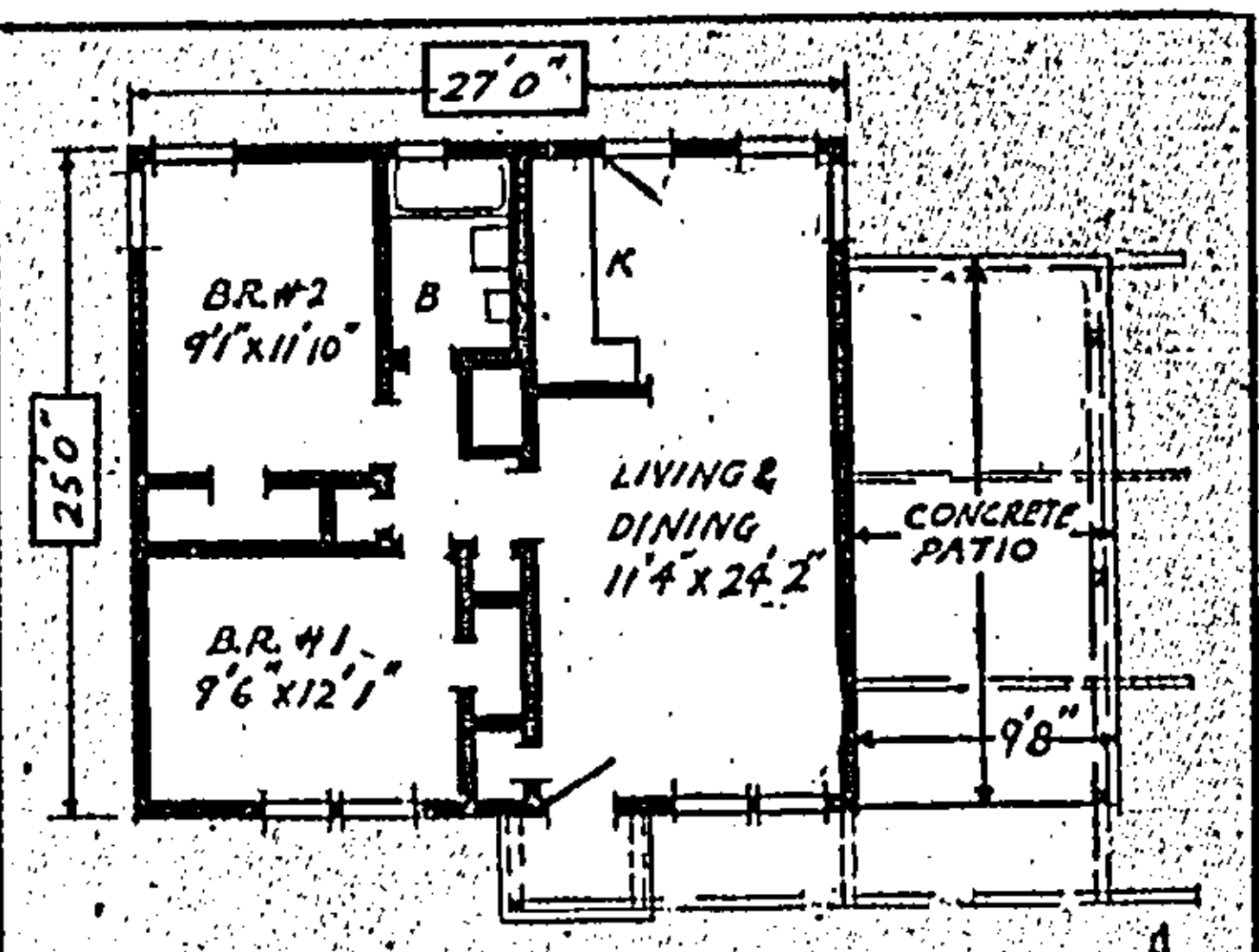
Provision for pleasant outdoor living is made by using a carport instead of a garage, the concrete floor of the carport serving as outdoor terrace. If desired, an extra room can be added here at any future date. In fact, rooms can be added at either side of the house without damaging the architectural lines merely by continuing the gabled roof.

Gracious living in small space is achieved in this home by putting living-dining room and kitchen together in an area slightly larger than 11ft. by 24ft. Cooking facilities and kitchen cabinets are concealed from the living room by a partial partition.

The plan of the house makes provision for ample closet room, there being a closet just inside the front entrance, two in the hall connecting bedrooms and bath, and one in each bedroom. An unusual amount of wall space is included in the plan to make it possible for the home-maker to place large pieces of furniture conveniently and attractively.



Planned for building with minimum space this house answers our modern needs. It can be built with a flat roof to suit the local climate without changing the basic construction plan. The carport-terrace is especially recommendable.



ITS FOUR ROOMS COMPRISE two bedrooms, living-dining room, kitchen and bath. It has five closets, plenty of wall space for placing furniture.

It's Salad Time

SALAD making is an art and a delight, and if the family just picks at a salad, chances are that it is the same old tired-looking greens with an indifferent dressing, or that even if it is a nice salad, day after day of the same old fare becomes monotonous, to say the least.

This is the time of year to bring salads to table so here are some ideas. Use cooked broccoli stalks (thru thought) in your salads. Cut them in julienne strips, marinate, if you like, in French dressing, and serve with green or vegetable salads. Imported cauliflower, raw and crunchy, in little flowerets, are excellent in salads. Cauliflower and broccoli make a good combination. Try them with a little sliced orange, some green pepper and chopped celery with a tart dressing.

Tender inside leaves of raw spinach, make excellent salad greens.

Use the juices of tinned fruits for fruit cups, to thin mayonnaise and to mix with French dressings.

Lettuce need not always be the king pin of salad greens. Try hearting watercress.

Canned fruit peels make a wonderful fruit salad garnish, nice long strips of them.

Salad Suggestions

Now for some salad suggestions. A salad of green peppers, tomatoes and onions is a household standby in New Orleans, and a healthy affair it is, too. Slice 4 tomatoes, one large onion and 2 green peppers nice and thin. Arrange on a dish, placing a layer of tomatoes, an alternate layer of onion, green pepper and tomatoes mixed. Dress either before bringing to the table, or at the table, with plain French dressing. Fruit added to chicken salad, as it is done in California, adds something different to a staple salad. Combine equal parts of cold cooked chicken cut in small pieces, and cut celery, moistened with French dressing. Allow to stand long enough to marinate. When ready to serve, add a dash of sliced orange, and peel of seeded white grapes to each portion of chicken salad. Serve on crisp lettuce garnished with mayonnaise.

Raw Vegetables

Sour cream dressing transforms a healthy raw vegetable salad into a gourmet special. For the salad, mix together one c. finely chopped celery, 1/2 c. finely chopped white cabbage, one c.

By Alice Denhoff

sour cream dressing, salt and black pepper to taste. Shape in a mound on a chilled platter and garnish with crisp lettuce.

To prepare the dressing, mix 1/4 tsp. dry mustard, 1/2 tsp. sugar, salt and pepper to taste, with 1/2 cup olive oil and 2 tsp. vinegar, then beat in gradually one c. sour cream.

Coming up is a selection of hefty salads, ideal fare for luncheon or supper.

First, a delicious tongue and potato salad, the recipe for 6 servings. Combine 1/2 c. diced cooked potatoes, 2/3 c. diced celery, 1/2 c. thinly sliced sweet pickles and 2 hard-cooked eggs that have been diced. Blend in 1/2 c. mayonnaise, tsp. salt, 6 whole peppercorns that have been crushed, 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard, and 1/2 tsp. bottled horseradish. Add this mixture to potato mixture and toss lightly with a fork. Add diced or strips of smoked tongue to suit. Chill and serve garnished with celery, lettuce or watercress.

For a substantial salad for 6 servings, soak 2 tsp. gelatin in 1/4 c. cold water for 5 min. Combine one c. water, 1/4 tsp. vinegar, 1/2 tsp. sugar, 1/2 tsp. salt, 2 tsp. salad oil, bring to scald. Add soaked gelatin and stir until dissolved. Cool. Add 2 well-beaten eggs, 2 tsp. catsup and 1/2 c. mayonnaise; whip thoroughly. Add 2 c. sliced hard-boiled celery, 1/2 c. finely minced celery, one c. sliced ripe olives. Pour into well-oiled large mould; chill. Unmould, garnish with lettuce, wedges of ripe tomato and whole ripe olives for a salad both good to eat and look upon.

Remnant Salad

If there is some left-over meat or fowl in the refrigerator, then serve up a remnant salad. Section 2 medium-sized grapefruit and marinate the sections in French dressing. Dice a few stalks of celery, and cut green pepper into thin strips. Combine with sliced or diced meat or fowl; mix all thoroughly with mayonnaise dressing. Serve on crisp salad greens in salad bowl and garnish with additional mayonnaise.

For a salad fine enough for a company occasion, mix together one c. sliced carots, 1/2 c. chopped Brazil nuts, 2 diced hard-boiled eggs, and one small pimiento cut in strips. Make a thin white sauce of 2 tsp. each butter, flour and milk, and add this to the first mixture. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Place in oiled baking dish

cover with buttered crumbs, and bake 20-25 min. in 375 F. oven. Serve hot on salad greens, and garnish with mayonnaise or dressing. Serves 6.

For a pleasing jellied fruit salad prepare packaged lemon-flavoured gelatin and when nearly set fold into it 2 apples, then have been sliced, peeled, cored and chopped, one c. grapefruit sections, 1/4 c. chopped dates, 1/2 c. coarsely-chopped nut meats, 2/3 tsp. salt.

Turn into ring mould or individual salad moulds which have been rinsed with cold water. When set, unmould on crisp salad greens and garnish with mayonnaise or dressing. Serves 4.

On Dressings

To prepare Lorenzo dressing combine and blend well 1/2 c. French dressing, 2 tsp. chili sauce, 2 tsp. chopped watercress, 1/2 tsp. chili sauce and 1/2 Worcester sauce. Chill. Mix before using.

Chiffonade dressing is quite a thing, but is well worth all the ingredients necessary. To prepare 3/4 c. dressing combine and blend 1/2 c. French dressing, 1/2 tsp. tarragon vinegar, 1/2 tsp. finely-chopped green pepper, 1/2 tsp. finely-chopped red pepper, 1/2 tsp. finely-chopped chives, one finely-chopped, hard-cooked egg, 1/2 tsp. salt. Chill, then mix well before serving.

Good Choice

For luncheon or supper a good, substantial chef's salad makes a pleasing choice. Slices of cheese, chicken, ham or cold meat, greens, capers, bits of anchovies, add up to quite a production. French dressing with this one.

For another substantial salad, enough for 6, use one c. diced, boiled potatoes, 2 c. boiled, diced ham, 1/2 c. cooked peas, 2 chopped pimientos, 1/2 c. diced celery, 2 finely-diced sweet pickles and 1/2 c. mayonnaise. Toss ingredients lightly together. Arrange on crisp lettuce. Garnish with additional mayonnaise, sections of hard-cooked egg and beet slices. For a good-green vegetable salad combine cooked string beans, and now peas, sliced cucumber and minced onion. Marinate, and serve on crisp lettuce with French dressing.

Your Little Helper At Home

BY GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

WE observed that the chief reason so few children of school age help at home is the prevailing philosophy so widely expounded, that the child should not be required to do anything he doesn't feel like doing, but the home chores should be made so attractive that the child can't be kept from doing them. We observed that a good many parents are growing disillusioned and know that this philosophy won't work.

Help at Home

The pioneer parent assumed that the child, as soon as he was able, should help at home and saw that he did. The growing child at home or school had to wait to do them or not. Parents weren't propagandised with the doctrine that they never should expect a child to do anything he didn't feel like doing. There were no gifted writers or artists on the air warning parents against requiring children to do anything but to let them do what they wanted to do. Every job at home so alluring to the growing child that he would readily choose to do his share of jobs about the home. Modern teachers also have been taught this doctrine. So also have the future fathers and mothers in our junior and senior high schools. It's this philosophy of requirements which, apparently, explains why so few children learn to help at home today.

Now there can be no objection to making the sharing of home duties attractive when it really can be done in a normal way. Indeed, it would be very desirable to do so.

Win Co-operation

From the time when the child shows his first interest in doing things for himself, use ample time and great patience at cultivating self-help and self-reliance in him. Warmly approve and encourage the toddler's eagerness "to help Mother." When at three or five he wishes to dust, carry food to the table or dishes from it, to wash or wipe dishes or help to prepare vegetables or fruit for cooking, let him do so, however slowly or imperfectly he does such. Don't make mistake of assigning the expected things by quiet persuasion and then be generous with approval.

But there comes a time when many of the useful things he did for pleasure because they made him feel he was "big," he won't volunteer to do or even do on your request. Don't fool yourself. You just won't have sufficient resources to lure him thereafter into doing all the things he could do and should do.

Regular Jobs

The average child at six or seven should be assigned to do a few definite, regular jobs such as emptying the waste basket or putting empty milk bottles in a certain place. It had better be only one such job at first until he has mastered without responsibility for doing it without your telling him when to do it. Whereas the

WASHING CORDUROY CLOTHES

By ELEANOR ROSS

CORDUROY, available in luscious colours, deep and vibrant, soft and pastel, is very much on the preferred list, for sports wear, for casual wear, for mother and daughter. And what is best of all is that so much corduroy yardage is really washable. If the specifications say "it is vat-dyed and pre-shrunk," well, there you've got complete corduroy washability. As the colours are guaranteed fast, the corduroy pieces move right in to wash or tub with other things.

Anyway, pastel corduroy can be washed with white cottons but avoid putting such dark shades as navy, green brown or maroon with other dark colours.

Hot Water

Vat-dyed corduroys can stand hot water, in fact, water as hot as is used for regular cottons. If a washer is used, a five-minute wash time is usually enough. Loosen wringer rolls to avoid crushing or wrinkling the fabric. For a spinner type machine, don't let it run longer than is needed to get the water out.

However, and in whatever washed, give the corduroy a good rinsing, and, here's a good trade secret: Give each piece a thorough shaking just before putting it on the line. You'll be pleased to see what a difference this makes, how it will fluff up the fabrics and shake out the wrinkles. When hanging, ease the garments gently into shape. Tailored things should dry on hangers. If the garment is of the play variety, it may be that it will shaken and then properly eased into shape, no ironing at all may be necessary.

Iron Wrong Side

Steam iron sports shirts on the wrong side. Don't go heavy on the iron when pressing any corduroy garment. Iron lightly, lifting the iron up and down. Lapels and pockets should be pressed on the right side, using a layer of cheese-cloth with a steam iron or a pressing cloth with a dry iron. While a steam iron is best for this fabric, a combination of dry iron and press cloth should work out well, if carefully handled. Just a little care, then, and that smart corduroy suit, if it is washable, should emerge looking like new, after a good

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MR and Mrs T. V. Soong snapped at Kai Tak before emplaning for Paris. The former Chinese Premier and Governor of Kwangtung is seeking medical treatment in Franco and Switzerland. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Alec Charles Barton and his bride, formerly Miss Mary Smith, photographed with their attendants after their wedding at the Rosary Church on Sunday last. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



SCENES at Kai Tak airport this week, when advance units of the 1st Independent Forward Squadron, Royal Engineers, arrived from Singapore by air. They form part of Army reinforcements being sent to Hongkong to augment the Colony's defence. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



LAST Sunday was the feast day of Our Lady of Fatima, and at St Teresa's Church, Kowloon Tong, special services were held, followed by a solemn Procession. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MISS Natercia Lobo, daughter of Dr P. J. Lobo, Director of Economics of the Macao Government, was married recently to Mr Arnaldo da Silva. Photo shows the newlyweds leaving the Macao Cathedral, where the wedding took place. (Catela, Macao)



TALKS in the "Better Homes" series, held weekly at the YWCA, Duddell Street, have been very popular. Here is Mrs James Mucklo demonstrating Russian dishes last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

ONE of the many parties that attended the anniversary cocktail party at the United Services Recreation Club recently. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Lo Kwong-iu and Miss Gladys Lau, who were married at the Peninsula Hotel last week. (Francis Wu)

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TWO recent weddings at the Registry. Left: Mr Fok Chak-tong and Miss Lau Chor-kwan. (Telegraph Staff Photographer). Right: Mr Tsang Pui-hang and Miss Luk Yuk-yin. (Golden Studio)



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Continuing the extracts from 'THE WOODEN HORSE' the greatest escape story

IN THE FLAT OF THE FRIGHTENED GIRL

Escape to Denmark: Germans discover the 'contact man': A leap for life into a gale-swept sea

After many adventures and hairbreadth escapes, Peter Howard and John Clinton, who tunnelled their way out of prison camp Stalag Luft III, have got out of Germany.

Disguised as French workers they made their way to Stettin, a port on the Baltic, where they were smuggled on board a Danish ship by Sigmund, a member of the Danish 'underground'.

It is late October 1943, and we take up the story on their first night out at sea as they lie hidden in the chain locker of the ship.

by **ERIC WILLIAMS, M.C.**

who is the Peter Howard of the story, John Clinton is in real life Michael Codner, M.C.

PETER woke suddenly and completely. It was dark. He reached for the torch and sent the thin beam of light cutting across the darkness of the locker. John lay sleeping, his head on his arm, a slight smile on his unshaven face.

They had been sick during the night, until they had fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion.

Peter heard footsteps on the deck above. Then Peter, the skipper, came, bringing a jug of coffee and some sandwiches.

He said there was no longer any danger of their being boarded.

An hour later Sigmund, the 'underground' contact, came down and took them up to the forecabin.

"You can sleep in the bunks for the next two nights," he said.

"Where shall we go when we get to Copenhagen?" Peter asked.

"It is for Mr Olsen to decide."

"Who's Mr Olsen?"

"There is no such person. It is the name we give to the leader of the Resistance."

They spent the rest of the day in the forecabin playing cards, sleeping and eating eggs and bacon cooked on the small stove.

By evening the ship was rolling so much that they were glad to climb into their bunks.

During the next two days Sigmund told them of the German occupation of Denmark. How at first the Germans had been "correct," hoping to make a peaceful conquest. But the Danish people had refused to co-operate. There had been clashes.

Now, no Danes were allowed out of their houses after eight o'clock at night, and many of the younger people had withdrawn to the country to wage guerrilla warfare.

"The life of a contact man is not long," he told them. "After a few trips he becomes known to the Jerries. Then it is a matter of luck whether he is recalled before he is sent to a concentration camp or shot. I have had luck."

"This is my last journey."

RADIO CALL
Danger of arrest

ON the morning of the third day Sigmund had news.

"We have had a code radio from Mr Olsen," he said. "The Jerries are waiting to arrest me when we get to Copenhagen."

"Mr. Olsen is sending a small boat out to pick me up before we get in. We shall alter the ship's log so that my name is not there. You will come with me."

"During the night we shall meet the boat. If we miss her we are all finished."

"For myself, I shall go overboard and try to swim to the shore. It will be better than a concentration camp."

"We could take a lifeboat," John suggested.

"That we cannot do. They would see that a boat was missing and shoot the captain."

They spent the rest of the day and the night waiting anxiously for the boat.

Before daybreak the engines slowed down and they went on deck. "There was a heavy sea running and it was raining. The sky was solid and black, and the wind howled as the ship nosed down into the sea."

"It's a bit rough!" Peter shouted. "Never got a small boat out in this."

"I don't like it," John said.

"The ship was rolling like an old tub. At one moment she was poised 40 feet in the air and in the next she was sinking down, as though she would never rise again."

"There she is!" Sigmund shouted.

Peter had just time to see a red star shell curve down into the sea. "They'll have the coastal patrol on us!" he said.

As he spoke there was a swoosh behind him and a rocket went rushing up into the night. There was an answering star shell and then they could see the boat tossing like a cork on the waves.

"We will have to jump," Sigmund said. "They will not get alongside in a sea like this. He went down and returned with three lifeboats."

"Wear these. We will jump one by one. Do not jump until you see they have picked up the man before you. You go first!" he told John.

The boat came round to their lee side. Her small searchlight played on the water.

"Over you go!" Sigmund ordered.

John held his nose and jumped. He fell into the water between the ship's side and the boat and was hauled on board as the boat fell rapidly astern. Presently she was up with them again.

"You next!" Sigmund said. Peter chose the moment when the ship was in a trough, jumped far out towards the boat.

The sea was not cold at first. But then the coldness gripped him. He struck out wildly, his lungs full of salt water.

They had some difficulty pulling him into the boat. Then she was lying in the bottom and someone was forcing brandy between his teeth.

Sigmund joined them. The engine was put to "full ahead" and they were plunging and bouncing towards the shore.

'MR OLSEN' Leader caught

FIRST light was breaking as they came to the land. It was a bleak and desolate coastline.

Sigmund spoke to the man who was steering.

"They have caught Mr Olsen," Sigmund said. He said it as though it meant the end of the Resistance.

"How?" Peter asked.

"The Jerries raided the farm where he was staying. They have put him in prison."

They ran into a narrow fjord where there was a strip of white beach and a steep path to the top of a cliff.

"We must go quickly," Sigmund said. "There are bicycles at the top of the cliff. These men will hide the boat. There are German patrols. We must not waste time."

They climbed the cliff, and stood looking at the orderly countryside. A landscape of neat houses, trim fields and hedged roads. There were no hedges, but wooden fences and earthen walls.

Three bicycles stood chained together and fastened by a

padlock, which Sigmund unlocked with the key given to him by the boatman. "We will ride fast. It is getting late."

He led them inland down the smooth warren roads. They were queer, heavy bicycles, with thick tyres and upturned handle-bars, but it was better than walking.

Then the sun came out and the blood moved in them. For the first time since leaving Germany they felt free.

Sigmund led them for several hours past hamlets and villages, but pressing on all the time.

They stopped at a large farmhouse.

"This is the headquarters of the Resistance," Sigmund told them. "Wait while I report."

There was a sentry at the gates, wearing British battle-dress trousers.

Sigmund spoke in Danish. The sentry saluted and stepped to one side.

They found themselves in a low room with a large tiled stove at one end and in the middle a long trestle table at which three men were sitting.

Service rifles stood in racks against the far wall, and beneath a box of ammunition and open trays of hand grenades.

To the left stood a small table on which was a British transistor radio and a box of four Browning machine guns.

A WELCOME To the R.A.F.

AS they entered, the three men looked up. Sigmund spoke of them in Danish. He spoke fast. Peter heard the letters R.A.F. repeated several times.

The men stood up. Their faces had brightened as Sigmund spoke.

"R.A.F." the man at the head of the table said in unaccustomed English. "You are welcome to our country."

"This is Carl," Sigmund said. "He is Mr Olsen's second-in-command."

Carl was a tall man in his late forties. Grey and thin but with keen eyes and steady hands.

"You are welcome," he said again.

"Thank you," Peter said. He looked at the other two men. They were both young. He walked over to the table. "Browning guns!" He took up one.

"It will not fire," Carl said. Peter turned the gun over. "Number one stoppage," he said.

The men watched Peter as he stripped the gun down to the breech block.

"Bad luck. Broken firing pin."

"You can fix it?" Carl asked. "Not unless you have a spare breech block," Peter told him.

Carl crossed to a pile of sacks in the corner and returned with a Browning gun, its barrel bent and twisted by fire.

"Where did you get it?" John asked.

"From a crashed R.A.F. bomber," Carl said. "We got there before the Germans did. And the crew were dead. We gave them a military funeral. They are buried in the local churchyard."

"The breech is O.K.," said Peter. "We can fix the gun."

"That is good," Carl said. "We shall use it against the Germans."

In the afternoon Sigmund took them, by train to Copenhagen. "I am taking you to my sister," he said.

"You must do exactly as she says and make no noise. On no account must you leave the flat."

He walked them through a maze of streets to a block of flats.

Peter and John followed him to a flat on the third floor.

The door was opened by a tall, fair girl. She looked frightened. Sigmund spoke to her.

Her face went white, but she smiled and motioned them into the room. There was an air of feminine order about it.

Peter felt strange and uncouth in this room—the first private room he had entered for a year. He felt that he was bringing dirt and danger into this girl's flat, and he did not like it.

Sigmund warned them again not to leave the flat, and departed, leaving them standing awkwardly, facing the frightened girl across the table. Her fear was obvious. Her large eyes betrayed it. It was a fear that was new to Peter and it disturbed him.

NO CONTACT But heard BBC

JOHN spoke first. "It's good of you to have us here."

The girl said something in Danish.

"She doesn't speak English," Peter said.

John tried again in French, but the girl still replied in Danish, and shook her head. He tried German, but she still could not understand.

So they stood there awkwardly. Standing because the girl was standing and hoping that she would sit.

Peter took a chair and placed it behind her. She smiled and they all sat down.

The girl seemed helpless with fear. "This was difficult. What could they do?"

There was a radio set standing in the corner of the room. He pointed to it and said, "England?"

The girl indeed. She took a portable gramophone and put on a dance record. Then she crossed to the radio and turned in, very faintly, to England.

Peter and John crouched down, ear to the loudspeaker, while the girl played dance music on the gramophone. It was the B.B.C.—the calm, unemotional voice of an announcer reading the news.

England seemed very near. Very near and very real.

When the news was finished the girl put on her hat and coat. She traced her finger round the dial of her watch to tell them she would be gone for an hour.

While she was away they washed and shaved. Then they fell asleep in their chairs.

COLD FEAR Of the Germans

SHE woke them in the evening with cups of apple-leaf tea.

"Even if she doesn't speak English she knows the good old tea-time," John said.

She brought a Danish-English dictionary. And she told them to take off their shoes so that their footsteps could not be heard in the flat below.

She played the radio to drown their conversation. She played the radio all the time, so that they began to feel nervous if it was not playing.



John Clinton



What is the strength of a chain?



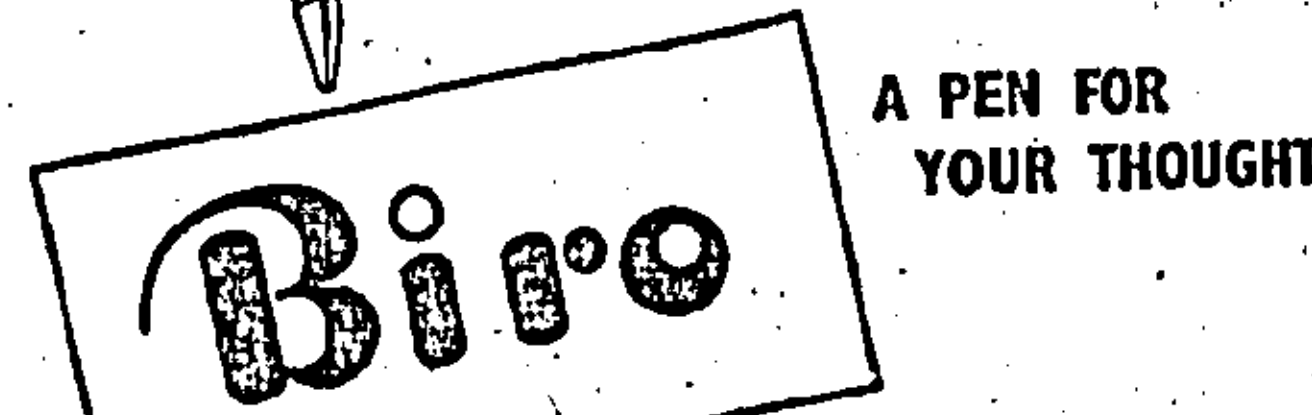
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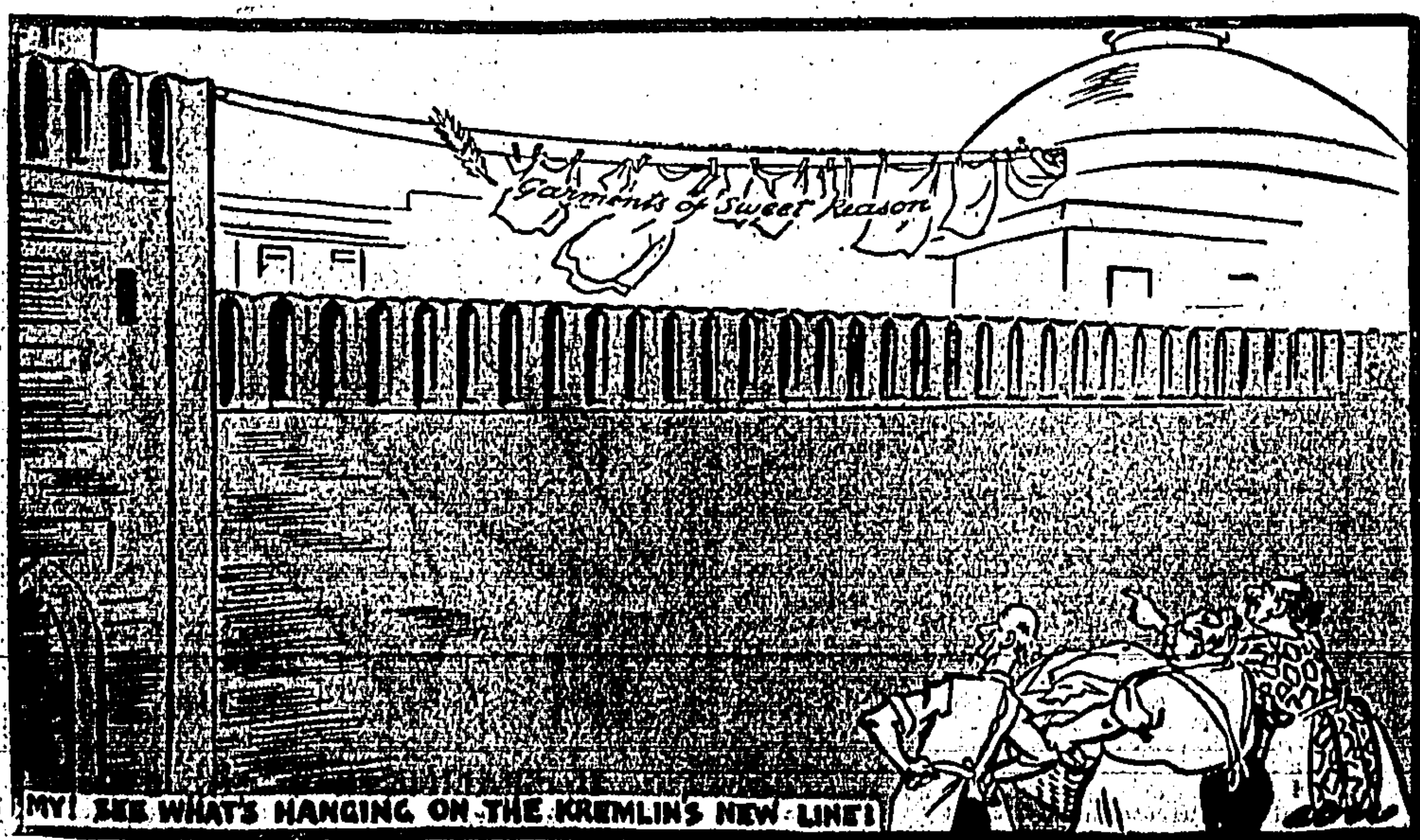
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BOOKS

ON the jacket of a book just published, I read: "What a command of language! Every line is a play of colours; there is not a dull image, not an adjective without sparkle. It is a continuous effervescence."

Opening the book, I read on the first page: "The man, then, took off his smoked glasses, sniffed several times quickly at the air of the narrow street, then cured between his teeth which were long and yellow. 'Sacred!' he muttered through his nose."

No, it is not from a book by Benchamber. It is from "WORLD WITHOUT A VISA," translated from the French of Jean Malaquais.

Meanwhile, a different kind of language is disturbing me—bad language in print. There is never any necessity for it.

The clever writer gets his effects without it, as he gets them without recourse to direct or phoneticism. In Elizabeth Bowen's last novel, "THE HEAT OF THE DAY," for example, the dialogue of two cockney girls is made absolutely convincing without the dropping of a single "h."

Why? Because—Elizabeth Bowen has trained her ear to catch the perfect rhythm of natural speech.

So has Percy Coates. His novel has no bad language in it. Percy Coates—thirty years a miner—has written in "THE WORLD IS WIDE ENOUGH" (Lehmann, 10s. 6d.) what there has been room for—an English picaresque novel, a chain of credible adventures, a succession of incidents in the lives of two characters who must be followed in their extensive peregrinations.

They are two boys, fatherless waifs. One of them has left his drunken mother and brutal step-father. The other, better educated, has run away from school.

At first adrift in the ugly slums of Leeds (period early twenties), they wander down into the countryside, taking a spell at farming, so navvying with a railway gang, work in a coal mine and then join a travelling fair.

Ellis, the younger, a Yorkshire tyke and born fighter, all the time training his friend, Mark, in the art of self-defence and of attack that is the better part of defence. At the last they become professional boxers. Thereafter their ambition is confined to the ring.

pendence of one on the other. Its effect on outsiders, the realisation that the emotional partnership must be dissolved.

When a woman writes a love-rucker, you can bet her personal experiences are involved somewhere. Check up on novelist Olivia Manning, and you find she had quite a war.

Evacuated by air from Australia when the Germans marched in, she reached Athens, worked there for the British Mission, and made another quick getaway when the Germans occupied Greece.

Then Cairo, Alexandria, and Jerusalem. From all this she has distilled a novel full of colour, sights, sounds, and smells—"ARTIST AMONG THE MESSING" (Helmman, 8s. 6d.).

The man in it is a painter. In the piping times of peace he had been happily wedded both to his wife and his art. When the blast of war blew in his ears he tried to imitate the action of a tiger.

He failed and was given a staff job at Cairo—remotest of posts. But here for a few thousands who arrived in Egypt.

For one reason and another, his is one of those trouble-childhood cases—he develops a neurosis which manifests itself in morbid jealousy, complicated by fear of hydrophobia. Poor Geoffrey, his hydrophobia has no dog bite but his suspicion about his wife is not without foundation. Poor Viola, too. The times, the places—and, oh, the opportunities she has to excuse her.

But the important thing, after all, the story and this—a drawn-out drama of nerves—will shake anyone. The rather gritty style of the writing suits the situations and the characters.

At more or less regular intervals a mysterious blight descends upon literature, and authors become co-operatively engaged in making the most of a fit of depression.

The prevailing pessimism in French literature may have some local justification. Meanwhile, here's Jean-Paul Sartre himself. "THE DIARY OF ANTOINE ROQUENTIN" (Lehmann, 7s. 6d.) was his first novel, written before he had the war for an excuse.

Its French title was *La Nausee*. Why this has not been translated as "Nausea" I cannot think because it is a perfect sickening book.

It purports to be the diary of a writer engaged upon an historical biography, and it records everything hasty which came within his earshot, eyesight, and nose.

(London Express Service)

(London Express Service)

A WREATH OF ROSES, By Elizabeth Taylor. Peter Davies 8s. 6d. 253 pages.

OVER the summer holiday world of Frances and Liz and Camilla there rises a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

It is a world gentle but by no means sleepy; affectionate, but oh, so intelligent; feminine, but quite conscious of the inadequacy of being merely feminine.

The cloud, shaped like the hand of Richard Elton swells in the sky (particularly over Camilla) until it stains all the landscape with sulphurous light. From its increasing presence derives the undertone of horror, of shocked surprise, of delicate tension which is the special quality of Elizabeth Taylor's latest and (as many will think) best novel.

Fascinated, we watch the mercury rising in the clinical thermometer.

This is a story which moves with extraordinary lightness and speed. It is a story which quivers with nerves, moods and impressions. It is irritable, exacting, a lively humorous. And it is deliciously aware of scents, scenes, weather and omens.

Camilla knows from the moment that man commits suicide so inexpertly at the railway junction that it "means something," that it bodes no good. She feels, too, that Richard, whom she meets in the train, is a false response to the tragedy. "Very upsetting," it says.

But the man's whole personality is "wrong" for her. Privately, she throws at him all the insults she can think of.

She flirts with the macabre

says GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

is "handsome," like a film star. He has empty blue eyes. He is writing a book about the war—it will certainly be unreadable.

In short, Camilla, thirtyish, secretary of a girls' school, is in love.

HER friends, Frances and Liz, with whom she is spending the holiday, have no difficulty in diagnosing what has happened. They disapprove, in conversations which are poised, taut, and precisely phrased—rather like fencing bouts.

And from those normal, unsparring exchanges (and the less cruel remarks that are suppressed), character emerges subtly.

Frances, an older woman than the other two, was governess to Liz, now a famous painter—a maiden lady and an artist who remembers Flaubert's "Be regular and ordinary in your life, like a bourgeois, so that you may be violent and original in your work."

Frances has become fierce. She no longer finds sentiment in painting shabby French hotel bedrooms. Savage, whirling suns crowd on her landscapes. She bangs Dohnanyi on the piano and has bought an enormous dog. It is age.

Liz has a baby and Arthur, her husband, a vicar. She complains that he no longer scribbles her gay, teasing notes which take three hours' concentration with the Dictionary of Quotations. No. Now it is long, dull letters that are written in no time at all. And he thinks of other women, oh, in

the nicest way, especially women with titles.

CAMILLA distrusts the baby and joins in the hunt after Arthur. She says he hands himself round among the ladies as if he were a plate of scones.

Frances defends Arthur against her. She detects, too, that danger lies, not in Liz, but in the baby, and quick to feel (and absorb) disappointment but in Camilla.

Camilla, so aware of herself, so unsure of herself, so much the proud, unbending spinster, inclined to "put herself too much in other people's places instead of allowing them to stay there themselves"—she creates herself for us by ceaselessly taking herself apart, regretting herself, pitying herself.

No baby, can't paint—left to do the washing up!

A little after the others, she begins to realise that Richard is not what he appears to be. Indeed, he has hardly made up his mind what he is trying to appear. His autobiographical catches don't fit together.

The glamorous war record; the heart-rending childhood with the sadistic father. Was he really—almost certainly he was not—a group captain? He is short of money and does not hesitate to accept Camilla's cheque.

Camilla feels her feet sinking through the ground. She is paralysed but not blinded by love. She is conscious of danger, but does not realise how grim the danger is.

Why, asks Morland Beddoes, the film producer who is



ELIZABETH TAYLOR

the 37-year-old, with two children, she was born in Reading, worked as a governess and then as a secretary. She is now a full-time writer. She has written three novels, "The Wreath of Roses," "The Heat of the Day," and "The World Without a Visa." She is also a screenwriter and has written the screenplay for "The Wreath of Roses."

Frances' friend, does the man look so much like a newspaper? There is nothing much in them. Some girl murdered.

And why that look of wild fear when his eyes meet Richard's?

Liz's baby has teething trouble; Frances decides to give up painting; Mrs. Parsons, the help, an excellent comic invention (how she dislikes Camilla—"She can't even get to her feet when a gentleman comes into the room") has trouble with her slatternly daughter, Eunice. Or rather Eunice has the trouble. If only she could remember the name of that man from the gas company!

And Camilla walks closer and closer to danger.

HERE, in short, is a novel which amuses the mind and which agrees on the nerves. It renders alertly the small but complex estrangements of life. And it carries on a very elegant flirtation with the macabre.

A Wreath of Roses is an outstanding novel by one of the most remarkable English writers of the day.

A lot of people are going to read it. And enjoy it. Many of them will be encountering Elizabeth Taylor for the first time. What a find!

LIBRARY LIST

COMP. SKETCHING. By Percy V. Heath. 10s. 6d. 96 pages. Eight famous artists go sketching. The book is a book not only to look at but also to use. It is a book of valuable guidance for the amateur who takes out brushes and paint-boxes on Sundays.

FAITH AND ENDURANCE. By M. M. H. 10s. 6d. 128 pages. A story of a man and a woman who are married in pre-war and between-war years. Nostalgic.

TALK OF THE DEVIL. By Ewan Butler. 10s. 6d. 128 pages. A story of a man and a woman who are married in pre-war and between-war years. Nostalgic.

THE CHILD: AN ADULT'S PROBLEM. By Anthony M. Ludovici. 10s. 6d. 128 pages. A study of the child as a problem for the adult. It is a book of valuable guidance for the parent who takes out a book and reads it on Sundays.

THE THUNDER LIFE OF ADRIAN BRIDGEMAN. By Elizabeth Sprague. 10s. 6d. 128 pages. A story of a man and a woman who are married in pre-war and between-war years. Nostalgic.

London Express Service.

DAB and FLOUNDER

by WALTER



FROM HERE AND THERE:

Octopus Brought Up The Goods

Sydney: Ferry deckhand Ted Steck, 20, was fishing off Church Point, near Sydney, recently when he pulled in an octopus which had a full bottle of gin in one tentacle. He and four friends kept the gin but threw the octopus back. They and a small crowd sampled the gin and wailed hopefully for the octopus to bring up another bottle, but it would not be caught a second time.

Found with a file
New York: Prospectors with jeeps, bulldozers and all kinds of complicated machinery are searching America's mountains for uranium, the mineral from which atom bombs are made. A woman, Mrs. Maggie Baker, found what may be America's richest deposit with the aid of a nail-file. Wandering through a petrified forest in Northern Arizona, Mrs. Baker was intrigued by a canary-yellow substance in between the stone logs. She scraped some off and took it to an assayer. His verdict—uranium and plenty of it.

French fashions
Paris: A bathing robe which is really a tent with wooden

He deserves it!

New York: Here is Congress trying to save money and along comes Senator Virgil Chapman wanting them to pay a constituent 31 years back army pay. This constituent was called up in 1918 and told to go home and await further orders. The Senator says he is still at home and still awaiting further orders.

Paris: A bathing robe which is really a tent with wooden

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



"Early Discoveries"

BY KEMP STARRETT



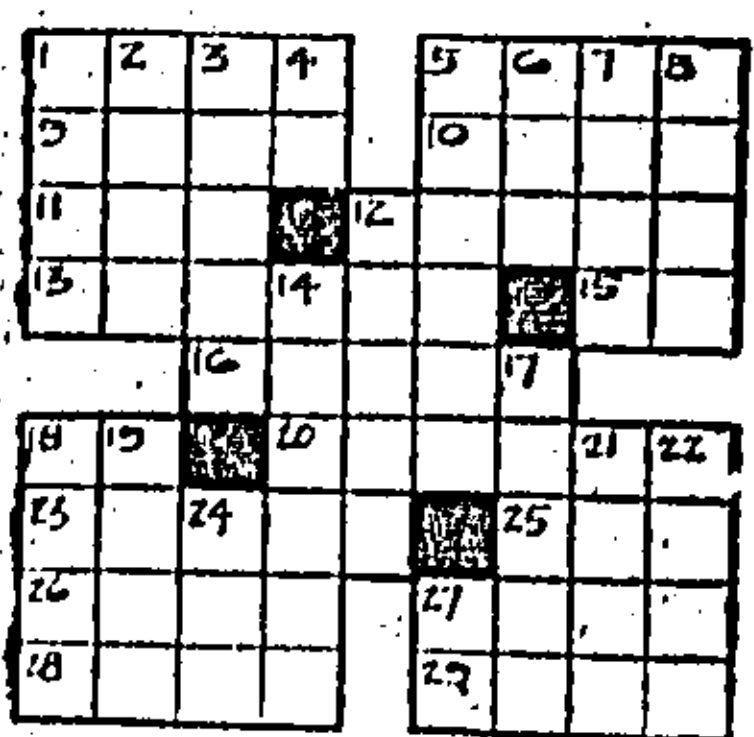
SPORTS

STORIES

PUZZLES

MENTAL GYMNASIUM

CROSSWORD



DIAMOND

This word diamond is very easy and centres on HEART. The second word is "an ocean," and the fourth "exists."

BEHEADINGS

Behind "a dsh" and get "lardy," behind again and get "consumed."

ANSWERS

ACROSS

- 1 Peel
- 5 Shakespearean king
- 9 War god
- 10 Assam silkworm
- 11 Number
- 12 Sincere song
- 13 Diners
- 14 Steamship (ab.)
- 15 Scott
- 18 While
- 20 Upper house of Congress
- 23 Started
- 25 2,240 lbs
- 26 Great Lake
- 27 Bacon skin
- 28 Lairs
- 29 Pedal digits

DOWN

- 1 Top of the head
- 2 Extent
- 3 Lenses
- 4 Electrical term
- 5 Diminutive
- 6 Ago
- 7 Is sick
- 8 Male sheep (pl.)
- 12 Dress with the back, as
- 14 Bird feathers
- 17 Follows after
- 18 Proportion
- 19 In bed
- 20 Withered
- 21 Sound
- 22 Concludes
- 23 Strong drink
- 27 Right (ab.)

BOTANY POSERS

1. What tree might hurt you when it scatters its seeds?
2. What plant's roots will grow to a depth of 50 feet in search of water?
3. What is the deepest in the ocean that plants will grow vigorously?
4. Which will produce more carbon dioxide in a room, a few house plants or a person?
5. How can one tell the age of a tree?

RIDDLES

1. When is a wall like a fish?
2. What is the only thing that can remain alive in a fire?
3. Which is the largest room in the world?
4. Why is a young lady dependent upon the letter Y?

HOMONYM

Missing words in this sentence sound alike, but are spelled differently. Can you complete the sentence?
No contestant—the identity of the concealed—star.

Rupert & the live toys—36



The giraffe and the hippo run happily round the little circle until they are tired, and then the hippo goes straight to Sylvia just as he had done before. But the giraffe can't make up his mind. "You're all so nice," he squeaks. "I don't know who I want to belong to, Rupert or Sylvia?" "Very well, I will," agrees Rupert. "Willie hasn't had a day this year, so you shall belong to him, and you can both join in our games whenever you want to."

BRONCHO BILL

Soap and Water Treatment



By Harry F. O'Neill

"If all the flowers of the earth were golden in colour," remarked a third cloud, "people would soon tire of looking at them. Everybody likes a lot of here in the heavens. We catch the colours of the sky and show many different colours—brown, gold, purple and azure. I'm sure we wouldn't miss a little colour if we each gave some to the flowers."

Taken one of the clouds had an idea.
"I'm willing. I'll give some of my purple. Each of you give some of your colours. We'll make the flowers happy."

The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

The Six-Eyed Jingy Bang

Rubbalong Tale No. 8
By ENID BLYTON

ONCE little Rubbalong went to see his cousin Popalong. Popalong wouldn't open the door at first, and when he did he looked so scared that Rubbalong was astonished.

"Oh! It's you! Come along in," said Popalong. "I thought you were Fee-Fi-Fo."

"What, the goblin?" said Rubbalong. "Why should you be scared of him?"

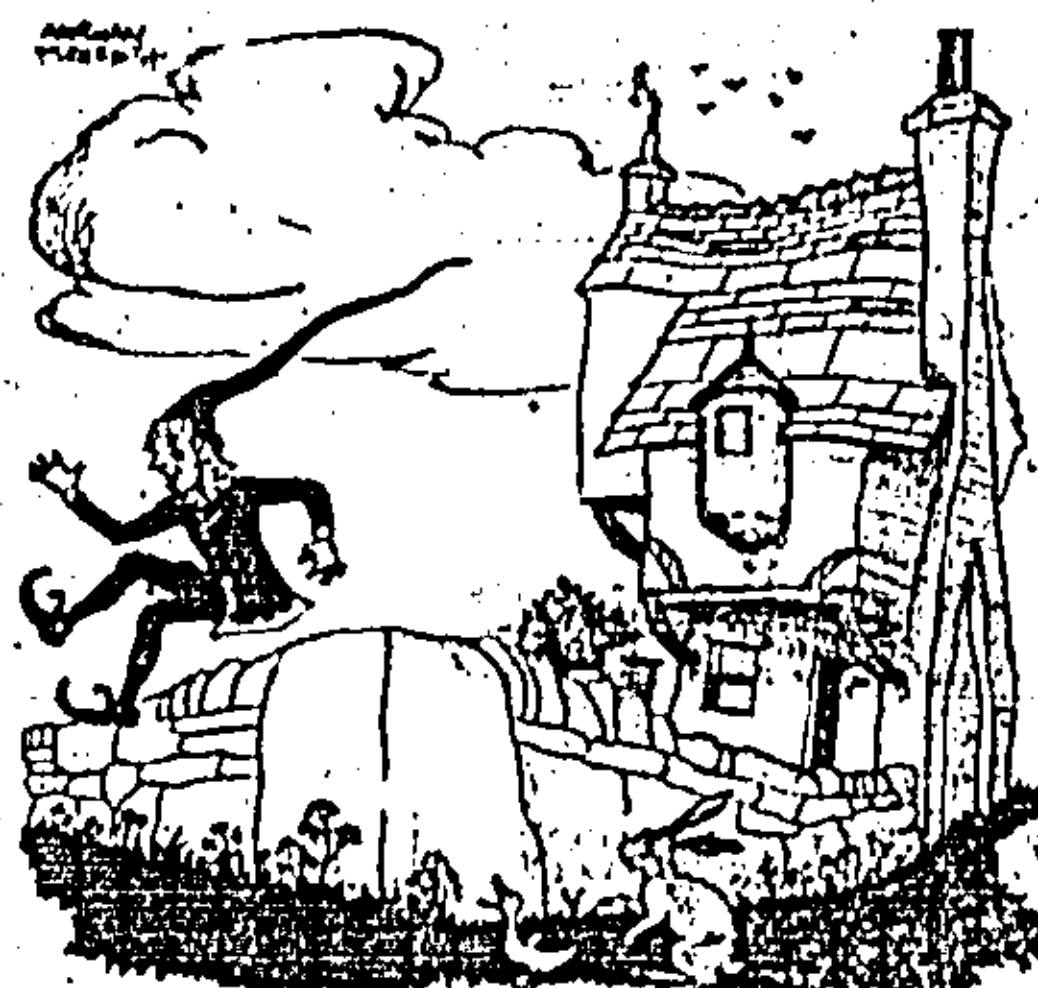
"Well, he once did me a good turn, and now I just can't get rid of him," said Popalong. "He keeps coming to meals, he borrows money from me, he takes my vegetables, he."

Rubbalong listened and his green eyes gleamed. "Popalong, let me help you! Fee-Fi-Fo once turned Ma's three cats into logs, and we very easily threw them in the fire before we found out what he had done and changed them back into cats again. I wouldn't mind giving Fee-Fi-Fo a scare at all."

"Nothing scares him," said Popalong gloomily. "He's come tonight worse luck—and my larder will be bare and empty when he's gone!"

"I'll come after tea," said Rubbalong. "And if you'll do and say just what I tell you, you'll soon be rid of Fee-Fi-Fo!"

He ran home, chuckling. "Ma!" he shouted, as he burst in at the door. "Can I borrow Tib, Tab and Tubby again? And your kettles and saucepans? And have you any paper bags?"



Fee-Fi-Fo leaped over the wall

"Dress us all! Are you crazy, Rubbalong?" said his mother, in astonishment. "You can't have my big saucepan. It's got soup in."

Rubbalong took all the others though! First he collected all the paper bags he could find and stuffed them into his pockets.

Then he tied the kettles and saucepans together with string, and hung them round his neck.

He had a hurried tea, and then set out for Popalong's house, the three cats following him, their tails in the air. Popalong heard the jingle-jangling noise and came to the door in surprise.

Little Rubbalong grinned. The cats waved their tails.

"We're going into your little shed," said Rubbalong. "But before we go I'm going to tell you what to say to Fee-Fi-Fo when he hears peculiar noises tonight. Now listen."

Popalong listened. He laughed. He sneaked his hands together in delight. He danced round his kitchen. Ah, what a joke!

Rubbalong led the three cats into the shed. It was getting very dark in there. He made the cats sit down on a bench in a row, close together. He took out his paper bags and put them ready. He settled his kettles and saucepans comfortably round him. He talked to the cats, and told them what to do. Then he waited.

At six o'clock, when it was dark, Popalong heard what he

was waiting for—a loud bang at the door. BLAM! That was the cat. Fee-Fi-Fo, of course. Popalong opened the door. In went Fee-Fi-Fo, sniffing to smell what Popalong was going to have for supper that night.

Now, in the middle of supper a frightful noise came from the little shed outside. Fee-Fi-Fo almost jumped out of his skin.

"Fee-ow! Fee-ow! Fee-Fi-Fo-ccow! FEE-OW!"

Who's that calling my name in such a peculiar way?" said Fee-Fi-Fo nervously. "I don't like it!"

"Don't worry. It must be the Six-Eyed Jingy-Bang in my shed," said Popalong. "I've got him shut up there because I don't think he likes goblins. For all I know he eats them for his dinner. You know what Jingy-Bang is, Fee-Fi-Fo—always snobbling up something or other!"

"I don't know anything about them," said Fee-Fi-Fo, in alarm. "Never heard of one in my life. Are you sure it can't get out, Popalong?"

"It might burst the door down, of course," said Popalong. "What a horrible yowl that is, isn't it? I can't help thinking that the Jingy-Bang must guess you're here."

The Jingy-Bang chose that moment to make another frightful noise—a jangling and clink-clink-clink that made Fee-Fi-Fo jump out of his chair. It was little Rubbalong, coming madly round the shed, of course, setting all his kettles and sauce-

pans clanking and banging round him.

Fee-Fi-Fo turned pale. Popalong patted his arm. "Don't worry. He never, never eats good kind goblins."

That didn't comfort Fee-Fi-Fo at all. He knew perfectly well that he wasn't good or kind. The Jingy-Bang went on clanking out in the shed, and the howling of "Fee-ow, Fee-ow," went on too. And then the bangs began. "Pop! Bang! Bang! POP!"

Fee-Fi-Fo reached for his hat. This was too much for him! Popalong caught hold of his arm. "No, no, Fee-Fi-Fo. Don't be scared. The Jingy-Bang always jingles and goes pop-bang. He's safe in the shed. He won't come after you."

POP-POP! That was two more paper bags being blown up and burst by little Rubbalong out in the shed. The cats were startled too, and yowled all the more. Popalong suddenly wanted to laugh, and he could hardly bear to look at Fee-Fi-Fo's alarmed face.

Then little Rubbalong went mad. He danced round the shed, clanking and banging, he popped his bags, and then he fell over a flower-pot, and howled with pain. Fee-Fi-Fo gave a howl too, and fled out of the door. As he passed the shed, the three cats leapt up to the window-sill and sat there, to watch him go.

All he could see of them were their six gleaming eyes.

"Owl! It is a Six-Eyed Jingy-Bang!" cried poor Fee-Fi-Fo, for his life.

Popalong went to the shed. He sat down on a flower-pot and cried with laughter.

"Oh my, oh my! You're the best Six-Eyed Jingy-Bang I ever heard in my life, little Rubbalong!" he said, wiping his eyes. "Come on in—Fee-Fi-Fo's left all his supper—and I've got some kippers for the cats."

With their sides aching with laughter the three cats went in-doors, the three cats following.

"Well, Fee-Fi-Fo, gone—and he won't come back!" said Rubbalong, taking off three kettles and two saucepans. "My word—I did enjoy being a Six-Eyed Jingy-Bang. I'd do it all again for sixpence!"

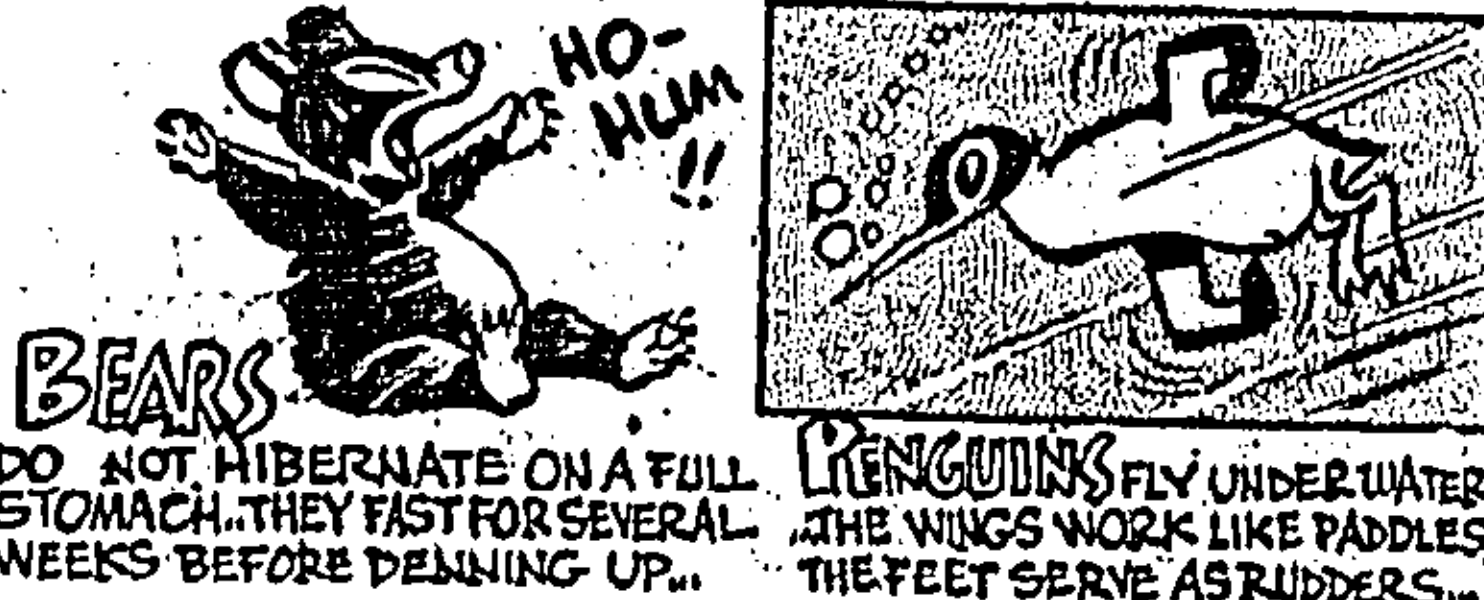
Well, here's my six-pence, little Rubbalong! Do it again!

(—London Express Service)

ZOO'S WHO



WHEN CAPTAIN COOK LANDED IN AUSTRALIA IN 1770 HE ASKED A NATIVE THE NAME OF THIS ANIMAL. WHEN THE AUSTRALIAN REPLIED, "KAN GU ROO," MEANING "I DON'T UNDERSTAND," COOK THOUGHT HE WAS GIVING THE NAME, SO LABELED IT...



DO NOT HIBERNATE ON A FULL STOMACH. THEY FAST FOR SEVERAL WEEKS BEFORE DENNING UP.

RENGGUNS FLY UNDERWATER. THE WINGS WORK LIKE PADDLES. THE FEET SERVE AS RUDDERS.

Here's How You Can See In The Dark

By WALTER KING

IF you stumble and grope your way around when caught outside on a dark night without a torch it is probably because you are "looking too hard."

In daytime, you see an object most clearly by looking straight at it. In the dark turn your head slightly and let your eyes continue to look straight ahead.

This allows you to see what is in front much better, because the retina, or image plate, in your eye is more sensitive in the side areas than it is in the centre.

You can demonstrate this by a pin hole in a 12-inch square sheet of cardboard. Cover a torch with a piece of green tissue paper. Go in a dark room and,

after waiting for two or three minutes (don't get impatient!) until your eyes are accustomed to the darkness, hold the cardboard about a foot away from your eyes, and with the other hand, shine the flashlight through the pin hole.

The faint green light will disappear as you gaze straight at it. But turn your eyes slightly aside and it appears again.

This shows how to see in the dark, properly—stop looking straight ahead into the darkness.

GREEN LIGHTS OVER FLASHLIGHT

IN A DARKENED ROOM SHINE YOUR FLASHLIGHT THROUGH A PIN HOLE IN A TWELVE-INCH CARDBOARD



Musical Marching

HERE'S a game with plenty of action. You need music and a ball, basket, pan or box and a number of small objects for each two players.

The objects can be balls, marbles, tops, dolls—items not easily lost or broken.

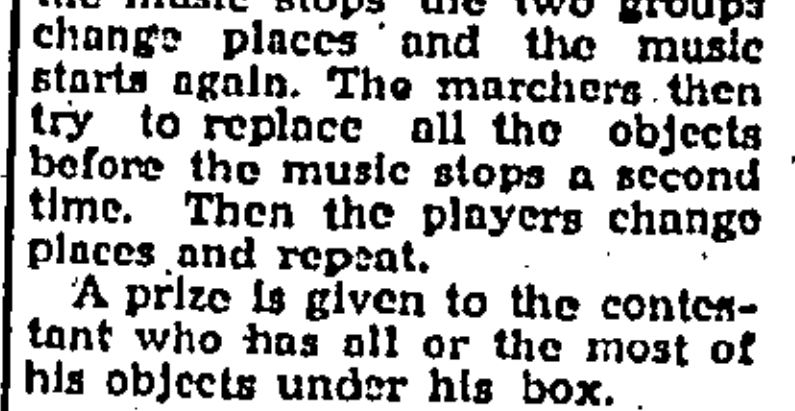
The group is divided into pairs, each getting one container and its small objects. The small items are placed under the container and the music begins.

One player marches with the music while the other player on the team of two scatters the objects around the container. When the music stops the two groups change places and the music starts again. The marchers then try to replace all the objects before the music stops a second time. Then the players change places and repeat.

A prize is given to the contestant who has the most of his objects under his box.

Make This Wiggly Snake

HOME MADE WIGGLY WATER SNAKE



HERE is a swimming snake that will wiggle its way right across the bathtub if you do a little coaxing with a magnet.

The water snake is made from a short piece of cord such as is used on a window blind. The cord must be fairly thick but not too stiff and about six inches long. To make it water-proof, soak it in melted candle grease. When it is evenly coated allow it to cool, then press a needle part way into one end of the cord. Fix the needle so that the eye sticks out to form the snake's head.

When placed in a pan of water or in the bathtub your water snake will wiggle itself into a swimming mood. If you hold a magnet in front of its nose, the magnet attracts the snake's body, wiggles as it is, were alive as it swims.

DO-IT By Dale Goss

Things to Make With Materials at Hand

JUMPING Jenny

1. Cut JENNY from STIFF CARDBOARD 8 1/2" high and 6 1/2" wide at hem of skirt.

2. Color with CRAYON or PAINT.

3. Cut out feet 3 1/2" long and 4" across, use stiff cardboard.

4. Cut 16 rings from heavy PAPER, 2 1/2" inches across.

5. Lay rings on top of each other, fasten alternately with pieces of SCOTCH TAPE.

6. Fold cardboard 2" long and 1" wide, fasten to back for handle.

7. Tape feet to rings and rings to back.

8. When placed in a pan of water or in the bathtub your water snake will wiggle itself into a swimming mood. If you hold a magnet in front of its nose, the magnet attracts the snake's body, wiggles as it is, were alive as it swims.

9. When placed in a pan of water or in the bathtub your water snake will wiggle itself into a swimming mood. If you hold a magnet in front of its nose, the magnet attracts the snake's body, wiggles as it is, were alive as it swims.

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12. When placed in a pan of water or in the bathtub your water snake will wiggle itself into a swimming mood. If you hold a magnet in front of its nose, the magnet attracts the snake's body, wiggles as it is, were alive as it swims.

Middlesex Increase Lead In County Table

NORTHANTS DRAW WITH SURREY

London, May 20.—Northamptonshire's failure to gather any points from their match against Surrey which ended today, means that Middlesex's quick victory over Leicestershire yesterday has increased their lead in the Championship table from four to 16 points.

Middlesex have won three of their four matches and taken first innings points from the other for a total of 40 points. Next in the table with 24 points each, come Northamptonshire, Warwickshire and Yorkshire.

Northants have played four matches and won two. Warwickshire, who did not have a match in the present series, have won two out of three, and Yorkshire's victory over Somerset has given them full points from two matches.

At the bottom of the table, having scored no points, are Essex, Gloucestershire, Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire. East and Somerset have both secured a first innings lead in the present series to take their first points of the season.

Today's play provided some exciting finishes in the victories of Glamorgan, Yorkshire and Hampshire. Wilfrid Wooller, Glamorgan's dynamic captain, won the match against Worcestershire for the champions in the last over. Wooller went in after Glamorgan, needing 151 to win in exactly two hours, had taken 80 minutes to put on 88 for the first wicket.

While Wooller fell at the other end, he set about the bowling. With two overs to go 17 runs were needed, but Wooller got them with a six and three fours.

The Champions' victory gave them 10 points from three matches.

SOMERSET COLLAPSE

At the start of the day Somerset were in a good position to record their first win of the season against Yorkshire, but they threw away the advantage by being dismissed for 132. Aspinall took four for 21 for match figures of nine for 40.

Set to score 190 in two and a half hours, Yorkshire went after the runs from the start and won with ten minutes to spare. Northants' Yardley promoted himself to opening batsman, and his brisk innings of 66 in 70 minutes

Pakistan To Take Over Air Lines?

Karachi, May 20.—Pakistan is considering nationalising its two civil air lines, usually well-informed sources said today.

Under a scheme now before the Pakistan Government the two companies—Pakistan Airways and Orient Airways—would be merged into one nationalised corporation similar to the British National Air Lines.

But the Government would hold only 51 percent of the shares and the rest would remain in the hands of the present company owners.

The new corporation would be known as "Pakistan Air Lines".

Owing to financial difficulties about the operation of commercial air lines in Pakistan, it is understood that neither of the two companies is reluctant to be nationalised. One of the companies already has aircraft paid for by the Government—Reuter.

WEEK-END SPORT

TODAY

Football—Barnet. Matches at Boundary Street. Police v. Prisons, 4.30 p.m.; CAA v. KIA, 6 p.m.

Lawn Bowls—League matches: First Division—KCC v. K. Dock; PRC v. KBGC. Second Division—Talkoo v. HKFC; CCC v. KBGC; HKCC v. Recto. Third Division—KBGC v. Recto; KCC v. HKFC; K. Dock v. PRC.

Races—Sixth Extra Race Meeting at Happy Valley. First Saddling Bell at 1.30 p.m.

Baseball—League Games: Kina Chinese YMCA v. South China Morning Post, 6 p.m.; Kina Chinese YMCA v. Swallow Overseas, 7 p.m.; Black Cats v. HK Chinese YMCA, 8 p.m.

TOMORROW

Athletics—Colony Open Championships at Caroline Hill Stadium (all day). International Tournament Final: Portugal v. India at Bookunpoo, 10.30 a.m.

Lawn Bowls—First Division League: CCC v. Recto "A". Basketball—Lai Hang v. Black and White, 6 p.m.; Wing Man v. South China A.A., 7 p.m.; Union Team v. Swallow Overseas, 8 p.m., at Caroline Hill Stadium.

played an important part in the victory. He hit two sixes and six fours, mostly on the leg side.

Match-winning bowling by C. J. Knott, Hampshire's off-spinner, featured an exciting finish at Southampton, where Hampshire beat Nottinghamshire by 30 runs. In a last-ditching effort Knott took five wickets in four overs for ten runs for Hampshire to win with 20 minutes to spare.

Set to get 263 in 216 minutes Nottingham looked like winning the game when W. Keeton first partnered H. Wintow in a second wicket stand which reached 70, and then helped Joe Hardstaff to add 67 in 80 minutes for the third wicket.

Once Keeton had left, at 220 for six, Knott skilfully took the opposition, taking the last two wickets with successive balls.

A thunderstorm which broke over the ground just as Surrey had claimed the extra half hour, prevented an interesting finish to the drawn match at Northamptonshire. At that stage Northants required 63 runs for victory with two wickets to fall. Freddie Brown came to the home side's rescue when a batting collapse seemed likely, and the succeeding batsmen followed his example by going for the runs.

Surrey were indebted to G. Whittaker, who obtained 80 not out.

EIGHT FOURS EACH

A heavy storm which ended play an hour early in the drawn match between Essex and Kent deprived Arthur Fagg, the Kent opening batsman, of the chance of repeating his performance against Essex last year, when he scored a century in each innings.

Tom Pearce's declaration set Kent the almost impossible task of scoring 324 runs for victory in just over three hours, and not unreasonably the challenge was declined.

Fagg and Leslie Ames batted brightly, though never at a match winning rate, and hit eight fours apiece in an unbroken stand of 119.

Oxford University lost their last five-wickets for 34 runs in losing by an innings to Lancashire. The South African batsman, Clive Van Ryneveld, claimed 40 of his side's 147 runs.

Roberts, Lancashire's left arm slow bowler, put up the best performance of his career in obtaining a match analysis of eight for 50. He took four wickets today, keeping an excellent length throughout, and not one of the Oxford batsmen showed a disposition to attack him.

DETAILS

The results of games which ended today were:

At Oxford: Lancashire beat Oxford University by an innings and 108 runs. Lancashire 270 for 7 declared; Oxford 115 and 147 (Roberts 8 for 50).

At Bedford: Essex drew with Kent, Essex 202 and 410 for 5 declared (Vigar 136, Pearce 111 not out); Kent 289 and 122 for one (Fagg 61 not out, Ames 50 not out).

At Southampton: Hampshire beat Nottinghamshire by 30 runs. Hampshire 311 and 149 for 8 declared (Woodhead 5 for 53); Nottingham 197 and 226 (Keeton 88, Hardstaff 59, Knott 6 for 60).—Reuter.

Swedes Win

Paris, May 20.—Sweden's Lennart Bergelin and Torsten Johansson today defeated Filipino Feliciano Ampon and the Dane, Erik Bjerre, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4, 6-0, in the men's doubles of the French international tennis tournament.—United Press.



France Gives Recognition To Israel

Paris, May 20.—France has extended de jure recognition to Israel and named Edouard Felix Guyon, former French ambassador in Rome, as Minister to Tel-Aviv.

A Quai d'Orsay spokesman said the Israeli representative in Paris, Maurice Fischer, had been designated Minister as a result of the move.

France extended de facto recognition to Israel on January 24.—United Press.

Russia To Repatriate Jap POW This Year

London, May 20.—Virtually all the 95,000 remaining Japanese prisoners of war in Soviet territory would be repatriated between May and November this year, the Soviet news agency Tass reported today.

The Moscow dispatch said that only a "certain group under investigation" would be excepted from repatriation.

The following was the text of the statement: "In view of inquiries which have been addressed to the USSR member of the Allied Council for Japan concerning the dates fixed for termination of Japanese prisoners of the Soviet Union, the repatriation agency under the USSR Council of Ministers deems it necessary to announce the following: 'Of the total number of 994,000 soldiers and officers of the Japanese Army taken prisoner, 70,000 prisoners were set free in 1945 directly in the area of hostilities. In the period between December 1, 1946 and May 1, 1949, 418,166 persons were repatriated to Japan. In the period between May 1 and November 1949, all remaining prisoners of war, numbering 95,000, with the exception of a certain group of persons with regard to whom an investigation is being conducted at present into war crimes they perpetrated, will be repatriated.'

"All expenses borne by the Soviet Union in repatriating Japanese prisoners of war and civilians must be reimbursed by the Japanese government as provided under the repatriation agreement between the USSR member of the Allied Council for Japan and General MacArthur's Headquarters of December 10, 1946."—United Press.

Rebels Beaten At Meiktila

Rangoon, May 20.—The Burmese army announced today that it had beaten off a fierce attack by unidentified rebels who briefly occupied Meiktila police station, 350 miles North of Rangoon, yesterday.

Meiktila is the headquarters of the North Burma Army. The army said fighting in the town continued for nine hours before the rebels were finally thrown out.

The government forces claimed to have killed 80 rebels, wounded 27, and captured a rebel tank.—Associated Press.

"NO WAR YET," SAYS TITO

Powers Unprepared And People Unwilling

Belgrade, May 20.—Marshal Tito today expressed his confidence that the bitter feud between East and West would not breed war in the immediate future.

He said a war would not break out soon "because the powers are unprepared and the people in the imperialistic countries are unwilling to fight."

He refused to rule out, however, the possibility of a war in the distant future.

Tito spoke to a conference of his crack guards division, a hand-picked group responsible with the security police for protecting the country's top-ranking leaders.

The guard troops pledged anew their devotion and allegiance with frequent cries of "Tito Hero, Tito Hero."

In perhaps his firmest words about Russia to date, Tito blamed Russia for the increasingly bitter relations between Yugoslavia and the Communist bloc.

But he said: "We are going along the way of building up Socialism and nothing can stop us. They should understand that."

He added: "We have no powerful radio stations and our propaganda has not the means they have, but our greatest power is truth, and truth is going to be victorious."

Polish Reply To Ede's Allegation

Warsaw, May 20.—General Winczowski, Polish Government spokesman, today denied that Polish police searched all ships in Polish harbours, in a reference to the statement made by the British Home Secretary, Mr. James Chuter Ede, in the House of Commons yesterday.

Referring to Mr. Ede's allegation that British seamen had been arrested in Polish ports, the spokesman told a press conference that foreign seamen were arrested in any port of the world if they committed offences.

This had nothing to do with the Gerhard Eisler case, he said.

Eisler, who was arrested aboard the Polish ship Batary at Southampton last Saturday, is at present in prison in London pending extradition proceedings.

Referring to Mr. Ede's statement that a Bolivian citizen was arrested aboard a British ship in Gdynia in 1938, General Gross declared, "I think it only too significant that Ede, trying to explain the British Government's activities in the case, should reach for an example of the pre-war Fascist Government."—Reuter.

More States Approve New German Constitution

Frankfurt, May 20.—Western Germany's new constitution cleared its next to last hurdle today when it was ratified by House of State representatives, bringing the number of approving states to the required eight.

The London agreement on the West German state required the constitution to be approved by two-thirds—eight of the 11—of the trilateral state parliaments before it could come into force. However, the constitution is still not yet in force.

It will become effective when it is formally promulgated by the constitutional convention at Bonn on Monday. It passed through the four assemblies today without difficulty, the only opposition coming from the Communists and deputies of splinter parties.

The state legislature of Bremen is expected to vote on the constitution later tonight. Results of the first four votes today were: Hesse 73 for, eight against; Lower Saxony 98-37; Schleswig-Holstein 60-6 with one abstention; Northern Westphalia 163-38.—United Press.

White Wins Gold Vase Tourney

Dublin, May 20.—Ronnie White, English golf champion, today won the "Golf Illustrated" Gold Vase with two rounds of 71 for a total of 142 over the 6,000-yard Dollymount golf course.

White's consistent golf strong-armed his way to Britain's chief prize in the amateur championships, which start on the Portmarnock links on Monday.—Associated Press.

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NOTICE

WILLIAM POWELL, LIMITED
Notice is hereby given that the Forty-Third Ordinary Yearly Meeting of Shareholders will be held in the Jade Room, Hong Kong Hotel, on Wednesday, 26th May 1949, at noon, for the purpose of receiving the Directors' Report and Statement of Accounts for the year ended 28th February 1949, and to re-elect a Director and elect Auditors.

The Transfer Books of the Company will be closed from 19th May 1949 to 25th May 1949, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,
E. W. MCCARTHY,
Acting Secretary.
Hong Kong, 29th April, 1949.

NOTICE

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announce that telegrams may now be accepted for TIEN-TSIN at urgent and ordinary rates. Messages must be in plain language. As for the rest of China these messages are accepted at senders' risk and at the same rates.

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